THE GLASSE OF TIME

In the two first Ages.

Divinely handled.

By

THOMAS PEYTON
of Lincolnes-Inne.

London, Printed by B. A. & T. F.

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TO THE ILLVSTRIOVS PRINCE

Charles, Prince of Wales.

MOſt hopefull Prince, Europaes richeſt Iem,
Succeſſor to theſe famous weſterne Ile,
Chaſt Oliue Branch, deſcended of that Stem,
Whoſe what he hath, all on thy fortune ſmiles:
Inheritor to ſuch a Potent King,
As no Age yet his Like could euer bring.

Braue Pearle of men, within whoſe louely Face,
The ſacred Muſes learned Arts combine,
And all Heauens gifts from great Apollos Race,
Apparant ſeeme within thy Browes to ſhine,
Thy Fathers Doran, kingly workes of State,
Thou more then needs, as borne but out of date.

Yet Royall Prince, let but thine eyes behold,
This lofty Subiect in theſe Rurall Rimes,
T'will more encourage then Earths pureſt gold,
To make my Muſe to all ſucceeding times,
Diſplay forth thy parts and high deſerued Fame,
That thy rare worth may all the World inflame.

The Verſe of Time in the two firſt Aces, Priuately learned by Thomas Peyton of Knerſbrough-Place, London ſcrinar, 1613.

As in a Garden *of ſweete fragrant flowers,*
where each man takes what to his mind ſeemes beſt,
Then ſits him downe within their pleaſant Bowers,
Peruſeth all, *and for a* Time *doth* Reſt,
Contented, loy'd (Admiring) *to haue found;*
So great a change, *in one ſmall piece of Ground.*

So deereſt *Prince, within thy Fathers workes,*
What Poeſies ſweete, *Graue ſentences* diuine,
Sad morrall matter *in each* Subiect *lurkes?*
To draw thy youth *to trace him* line *by* line,
Whilſt this *may chance to* recreate *thy mind,*
As glimmering Luna *in* Sols *abſence ſhin'd.*

Perſiſt, go on, and as thy Vertues *won,*
The Loyall Loue *of euery faithfull heart,*
So to the end, *thy courſe* (directly) *run,*
And winged Fame *ſhall from thee neuer ſtart,*
But ſcale the Cloudes *and mount the lofty* Skyes,
To ſound *thy* worth *as farre as* India *lyes.*

Your Highneſſe in all humbleneſſe,

Thomas Peyton.

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE, *FRANCIS* Lord *Verulam*, Lord Chancelor of *England*.

MOst Hon'or'd Lord,
within whose *reuerend* face,
Truth, *Mercy*, *Iustice*, *Loue* and *all* combine,
Heauens deerest Daughters of *Iehoushs* Race,
Seeme *all* at full within thy *Browes* to shine,
The *King* himselefe (T'immortalize thy *fame*)
Hath in thy *Name* Foretiped out the same.

Great *Verulam*, my *Soule* hath much admirde,
Thy *Courtly* carriage in each *comely* part,
Worth, *Merrit*, *Grace*, when what the *land* desirde,
Is powr'd vpon thee as thy *iust* desart,
Graue liberall *mind* contending with the rest,
To seate them *all* in thy *Iuditious* brest.

Thrice noble Lord, how dost thou prize of gold,
Wealth, *Tr asures* *Mony* and such *Earthly* cash?
For none of them thou hast thy *Iustice* sold,
But held them *all* as base (infected) trash
To *snare*, *allure*, out from a *dunghill* wrought,
The *seared* conscience of each muddy thought.

Weigh but my *cauſe*, referre me not to thoſe,
That from the firſt were partiall to my right,
Ah this is more then once thine *Honour* knowes,
Thou ſeeſt mine *owne* hath now *vndone* me quight,
Whilſt by a *trick* they got me in their *paw*,
Againſt the *Order* of thy *Court* and *Law*.

If I were ſuch as *ſome* would haue thee thinke,
I meane my *Foes* which vtterly *deſame*,
Mine *Innocence* and *all* together *linke*
To wound my *ſtate*, and blemiſh much my *name*:
Yet *Iuſtice* wils, what in their *hands* hath laine,
Thus to my *loſſe* ſhould be *reſtord* againe.

Ah, *deereſt Lord*, hold but the *Scales* vpright,
Let *Court* nor *fauour* ouerſway my cauſe,
To preſſe me *more* then is beyond my *might*,
Is but their *Reach* to croſſe thy former *Lawes*,
Let me haue *Peace*, or that which is mine *owne*,
And thy *iuſt* worth ſhall o're the *world* be blowne.

Your Lordſhips moſt humble ſeruant,

Thomas Peyton.

TO THE READER,

The Title described.

VNto the Wiſe, Religious, Learned, Graue,
Iudicious *Reader*, out this *Worke* I ſend,
The *tender* ſighted that *ſmall* knowledge haue,
Can *litle* looſe, but *much* their weakneſſe mend:
And *generous* ſpirits which from *heauen* are ſent,
May *Solace* here, and finde all *true* content.

A *Paradiſe* (preſented) to ech eye,
Within the *Vnnet* of the *Title* page,
Where *Iuſtice*, *Mercie*, *Nature*, *Loue*, do lye,
Before th' *Almightie* in the *firſt* found *Age*.
Time ſtands betwixt, and *Truth* his daughter beares
His *traine* behind, a *world* of *Aged* yeares.

Fierce *Nemeſis* ſhe mounts (within the Ayre)
On *Pegaſus*, that winged *Horſe* of *Fame*,
And by her ſide a *Sword* all naked bare,
Graue *Iuſtice* ſits, a (*ſable*) lowring *Dame*,
Vnder her *feete* the *worlds* moſt ſpatious *Globe*,
And weighs mens *Actions* in a ſcarlet *Robe*.

This may *denote* the goodly glorious worth,
The pretious *Value*, Maieſtie and Grace,
Of all the *Siſters* (Glory of this *Earth*)
Gods deereſt *daughters* in their ſeuerall place,

Aboue the *world*, *heauens crowne* their browes adorne,
To ſhew (at *full*) how they do (*bribing*) ſcorne.

Peruſe it *well* for in the *fame* may lurke,
More (*obſcure*) matter in a *deeper* ſence,
To ſet the *beſt* and *learned* wits on worke,
Then hath as yet in many *Ages* ſince,
Within ſo *ſmall* a little *Volumne* beene,
Or on the ſudden can be *found* and ſeene,

Urania (deere) attired in her *ſilke*,
To *draw* thee on with more attentiue heede,
The *weaker* ſort ſhe ſometime *feedes* with *milke*,
All *guiltie* mens damn'd *vices* vp to weede:
Th'enuious *Momes* that her *chaſte Muſe* doth tuch,
She hopes to *mend*, but *cares* not for them much.

Thine to his power,

Tho. Peyton.

THE GLASSE OF TIME, IN THE FIRST AGE.

The Argument.

The Author firſt, doth Gods aſſiſtance craue,
Throughout the worke that he his helpe may haue;
The ſacred Sabbaoth, Sathans ennious gall,
The Woman fraud, and Mans moſt diſmall fall;
The Tree of Life protected from the Brute,
The Tree of Knowledge with her fatall Fruit:
For feare the World ſhould finally be ended,
Gods deereſt Daughters downe in haſt deſcended,
The flaming Sword the Tree of Life which garded,
The Cherubins vpon the walls that warded.
The Land of Eden *is diſcrib'd at large,*
Heauens iudgement iuſt to all mens future charge.

SInce true examples in Gods holy Booke,
Are found of thoſe that in it loue to looke,
Of men whoſe Image, portraiture and ſoule,
Haue beene transform'd to monſtrous ſhapes and foule.

Gen. 19, 26 According as their liues haue pleaſing beene,
To him whoſe ſight their ſecret thoughts hath ſeene,
Dan. 4. 30 And as his goodneſſe ſacred is that ſome,
Should be examples for theſe times to come:
His Church to comfort, Pagans to appall,
To teach to vs what did to them befall;
Rom. 15 4 Within the ſtories of the new and old,
Of many more then can by me be told.

And ſince that *Ouid* in a pleaſing verſe,
Doth pretty Tales and Metaphors rehearſe,
Of men to birds, and then againe to beaſts,
To make you parly at your welcome feaſts:
Whoſe fabled fictions warbled in that age,
The infancy and ſacred pupill-age
Of the Religion which we heare maintaine,
Vnder our Soueraignes thrice moſt happy raigne;
May ſeeme from *Moſes* and the reſt diuine,
In's Metaphors to trace them line by line;
In ſome I meane, and not in all his worke,
For pleaſant folly couch't, therein may lurke,
Yet the alluſion, and the meaning ſure,
May reference haue vnto the Scripture pure,
And though it ſhines as *Tytans* weſterne rayes,
By ſome 'tis held but wanton in our dayes.

But moſt of all the ripeneſſe of theſe times,
The heauenly works vp to the clouds that climes:
The enuious eye which ouerlookes our deeds,
When each mans taſte on ſundry diſhes feedes:

The

The ſnarling cur at euery thing that bites:
The ſlandring Mome which no good worke endites:
The monſter curſt with his vile forked tongue,
That from Hels vault vp to the earth firſt ſprung,
With *Hidra*-heads, and *Ianus* double face,
To fawne before, then wound to our diſgrace:
Hath made my Muſe vnwilling heere to ſing,
As loath her ſelfe vpon the ſtage to bring
To each mans view, and her owne painefull toyle,
But that the ſight may many vices ſpoyle.

When ſin we ſee vnmasked brought to light,
And damn'd offences naked to our ſight:
Like *Iezabel* that did the Clouds aſpire, 1.Kin.4.28,19
In ruſling ſilks and glorious braue atire, Chap. 19.2
Vnder a holy outward forme and rite, Cha.21.10,23
Gods choſen flock are fleec't and murthered quite,
But once vnmask't, the Minions of her court
Hurle her i'th durt, paſh out her braines in ſport:
And as a foule miſhapen painted monſter, 2.Kin 9.36,33
Conceit of her as all the world doth conſter: 35,37.
Then is ſhe ſeene diſrob'd, diſrank't of all,
The map of folly in her ſudden fall,
Her cup with poyſon, damned Enuy fills,
Her curſed eyes haue ſeene thoſe ſeuen built hills,
Where all the Saints, Apoſtles, Martyrs ſtood,
With crimſon colours all imbru'd in bloud.

O glorious God inſpiror of my Muſe,
Grant that thy Word my ſoule may dayly vſe,
And that what learning painefully it got,
Still from the truth may neuer ſwerue a iot.

That in her ſpring, beginning, and her bud,
May ſing thy glory to the Churches good,
And in ſoule folly none aſleepe I rock,
Nor giue offence to any of thy flock:
But that my ſpeech as generall to all,
May like a Sermon in the Pulpit fall:
And not to wade in curious queſtions deepe,
But feede thy flock, and edifie thy ſheepe,
That none at all may haue a iuſt excuſe,
By ſuch examples as I ſhall produce.
And all that ſee their faults, their liues may mend,
That to thy glory I this Worke may end.

Then ſhall the world with admiration ſee,
Her face vnmask't to all eternitee;
The famous actions heeretofore lay dead,
Shall then be rouz'd out from obliuions bed.
And all the nobleſt kingdoms euer knowne,
Will be reuiu'd, within my verſe be ſhowne,
Their manners, cuſtomes, nature and their ſtate,
Their end, beginning, fortune and their fate,
From *Adam* firſt throughout ineuery age,
Shall heere be muſtred on this publike Stage,
In Rurall Robes to giue the earth content,
How heeretofore the ages paſt were ſpent.

O that my Muſe might once but reſt in peace,
Then would ſhe ſing diuinely, neuer ceaſe,
But worke out Truth within her holy Rimes,
Glyding along deſcending to our times,
And deare *Vrania* Soueraigne of my verſe,
Should heere the glory of this world rehearſe,

Vnfoulding ſtill to Gods immortall glory,
The heauenly ſweeteneſſe of a ſacred ſtory.

What may we thinke of all the iudgements iuſt,
Of great *Iehouah* buried in the duſt;
Beſide all thoſe in holy Scriptures pend,
Which humane wit as yet could neuer mend,
Nor all the *Rabbies* in their learned fame;
Could euer tell how to correct the ſame:
Shall we go on, and ſtill be bold to thinke,
Hee'le puniſh them, and on vs alwayes winke;
For ſome of them the earth it ſelfe did gape,
How can we know that we are ſure to ſcape,
The Angels which againſt the Lord did ſwell,
He quite caſheer'd, and caſt them downe to hell:
Where being bound eternally in chaines,
They feele the torments of ten thouſand paines,
Farre more then can expreſſed be in inke,
And all the world, and ſinfull man can thinke.

Adam what made thee, wilfully at firſt,
To leaue thy of-ſpring, to this day accurſt;
So wicked, foule, and ouergrowne with Sinne;
And in thy perſon all of it beginne?
That hadſt thou ſtood in Innocenie fram'd,
Death, Sin, and Hell, the world and all thou hadſt tam'd.
Then hadſt thou beene a Monarch from thy birth;
Gods onely Darling both in heauen and earth:
The world and all at thy command to bend,
And all heauens creatures on thee t'attend.
The ſweeteſt life that euer man could liue;
What couldſt thou aske but God to thee did giue?
Protected kept thee like a faithfull Warden,
As thy companion in that pleaſant Garden.

No canckred mallice once thy heart did moue:
Free-will thou hadſt endude from him aboue:
What couldſt thou wiſh, all worlds content and more?
The beſt Diuine that ere the Earth yet bore,
Gods onely Sonne, the Prince of Peace except,
For thy ſad fall how oft mine eyes haue wept.

Alas weake man, hadſt thou in honour ſtood
How heauenly bleſt, thrice happy beene thy blood?
And all thy aged iſſue to this day
Had liu'd ſecure, as in the Month of May.
What need had we, that any ſhould haue dy'd
Vpon the Croſſe, our ſinfull ſoules reuiu'd?
And that *Meſſias*, God himſelfe the Son,
Should here deſcend to put our nature on,
To liue deiected, poore, contemn'd, forlorn'd,
Derided, beate, toſt vpſide downe and ſcorn'd.
And more, to beare for this thy wofull fall,
Then euer man which liu'd vpon this ball.
Curſt be that Diuell that firſt thy ſence bely'd;
If thou hadſt liu'd, then we had neuer dy'd.
Oh God! to purchaſe with that bloody coſt,
Our ſoules redeem'd when they were fully loſt.
Here is a loue which farre ſurmounts the skies,
My ſences rapts, and dazles both mine eyes.

But tell me *Adam*, what might be the cauſe
That thou ſhouldſt breake thy holy Makers lawes.
When of a thouſand which might make vs weepe,
In all the world thou hadſt but one to keepe,
And that but light? Alas couldſt thou not ſee,
But touch and taſte that one forbidden tree,

Which

Which in the midſt of all the garden grew,
An ill knowne tree to make thy ofspring rew?
What pleaſant taſt or reliſh had the ſame?
How were thy ſenſes dim'd and much to blame,
That had the Garden ſole at thy command,
And all the fruits within thy ſight to ſtand:
Farre better, pure, more daintier euery way,
Then ſuch an Apple painted like a gay:
Fit for a woman, or ſome lickoriſh foole,
A ſilly child, or one that goes to ſchoole.

Thy wilfull, foule, abſurd, and groſſe abuſe,
Againſt thy God, admits no iuſt excuſe,
Tis not the loſſe of one poore Apple miſt,
That thou didſt grapple in thy ſinfull fiſt,
Could be the cauſe his anger to procure,
Fierce heauy wrath eternall to endure.
It was not that he did ſo much reſpect,
But thy foule error, wilfull, bad neglect:
Contempt of Him, rebellion, treaſon, pride;
And all the ſinnes within the world beſide,
That linked were within thy fault at firſt,
Chain'd to thy Act, and in thy folly nurſt.

What may we thinke of that ambitious Pope,
Which dar'd to ſcoffe vnder heauens glorious Cope,
Againſt that God, that in his ſacred frowne
Turns vp his heeles, and hurles his pride ſoone downe?
When hauing miſt a ſimple childiſh toy,
A Peacocke bird which ſeem'd his onely ioy.
Diſtempered much began in heate to chide,
That few men could his holy preſence bide.
And afterward aſham'd of what was paſt,
To ſhew his choller not long time did laſt;

Ex-

Excuſde himſelfe, that he might angry be,
As well for that, as wasthe Trinitie.
When diſcontented for an Apple loſt,
Both *Eue* and *Adam* to their paine and coſt,
From Paradiſe were thruſt quite out and beaten,
And much diſgrac't for one poore Apple eaten:

Now tell me *Rome*, that thinkſt thy ſelfe the minion,
Chriſts onely Vicar in thine owne opinion?
And ſhouldſt his ſheepe ſtill to this day haue fed:
Where was thy Church when *Iulius* was thy head?
Thy Papacy I may not here diſpute,
As yet my tongue muſt ofthat thing be mute.

And backe to *Adam* whence I laſt digreſt,
Too fortunate my Muſe had beene and bleſt,
Had it but ſung thy firſt eſtate and ail,
And neuer knowne the horror ofthy fall.
A greater loue on man was neuer ſhowne,
Nor on the earth as yet was euer knowne,
Then all the world to be at thy command,
Still to this day to ſerue thy turne and ſtand:
All that againe, for this he did require,
To keepe the Garden that was his deſire,
At other times to his immortall fame,
That thou ſhouldſt praiſe his glorious holy Name.

Here was thy calling (*Adam*) naught; beſide,
His owne example muſt thy actions guide.
Sixe dayes to worke, to till that holy ground;
And in the ſeuenth, thy Makers prayſes ſound.
For as at firſt, thou waſt a body framde;
So time and place himſelfe he hath ordainde,

Deſign'd

Design'd, appointed for his seruice pure,
Not for a day, but euer to endure.
By this thou know'st that he thy person blest,
To giue thee then his holy sacred Rest,
And sanctifie the Sabaoth to thy good;
Aye to be kept in all thy future blood.
Those that refuse to keepe his Sabaoth holy,
Gods owne example may conuince of folly.

But soft, I heare some *Laodicean* make,
Euen *Sinon* like, the ground of all to shake.
To stay my pen with such a question strange,
As first from *Rome*, now ore the world doth range.
How God could Rest, which neuer wrought as yet,
For he that workes, his labour must be great
To frame a matter of so huge a worth,
As is the Fabrike of the spatious Earth,
The Sea and Heauens, the Firmaments and all,
Which euer yet within thy sight could fall.

Rem. 3. sinon inuenter of the horse of Troy.

Oh righteous God that sinfull man should make,
Within his mouth thy holy word to take:
And by the same thy sacred actions taxe,
To wring them now like to a Nose of Waxe.
Too make a doubt and question of that Rest,
Which to the world for euer thou hast blest.

simile.

Tis true, I know when God first fram'd the world,
The waters all within their limits curl'd,
The firmaments and euery liuing thing,
Out from the dust he then did *Adam* bring:
Made him a man, a demi-God in byrth,
Plac't him his Vice-roy here vpon the earth.

And by his power all ſacred and diuine,
So fram'd the world as if he had wrought by line,
Set all in order working in their time,
Like to the wheeles within a clocke or chime,
To ſerue the turne of *Adam* and his race,
And all theſe made but full in ſixe dayes ſpace.

Then did he reſt and ſate him downe to view,
And to the heauens vp againe he flew:
And from the worke which by his word he wrought,
In ſixe dayes ſpace, and ſeeing none was nought,
But from creating any further matter,
He onely ceaſt, and leaſt the ſame might ſcatter,
And ſo returne to what it was at firſt,
His prouidence his works hath euer nurſt:
Aye by his power, his wiſedome, and his might,
The heauens and earth are gouerned aright.
He worketh ſtill preſeruing what was made,
Far more then can by any man be ſayd:
His armes ſupporting all this weighty ball,
Elſe would the ſame diſſolue againe and fall.

O God, thy Reſt hath euer bin admired,
Seene of thy Saints, and of my ſoule deſired:
The Pagan people to this day that ſlept
Exod. 16, 23. 26. In ignorance, haue yet a Sabaoth kept.
Num. 15. 32. The Iew at firſt with Manna wondrous fed,
Eze. 20, 13. 20, 24. His Sabaoth kept by thy example led:
Though now in error great he ſnores and ſleeps,
The Saterday his Sabaoth ſtill he keepes.

No Chriſtian ſtate is ſo vnciuill rude,
But keeps thy Reſt as thou haſt him endude:

With

With grace and goodneſſe from the Prince of peace,
The Sunday he from all worlds works doth ceaſe,
Lead thereunto by that all riſing Son,
On Eaſter day, that roſe againe and won
The eternall crowne in Paradiſe firſt loſt,
A bloody prize to his great paine and coſt.
Beſides the examples of thy deereſt Saints,
Thine inſtitution and the holy plaints,
Of all th'Apoſtles, famous men and Martyrs,
In all the world within her vtmoſt quarters:
Which euer vſde to preach thy word and pray,
And ſanctifie the ſacred Sabaoth day.

7. The *Ethiopian*, leaſt he ſhould offend
To breake thy Reſt in ſuperſtition pend,
The Saterday and Sunday both he keeps,
And in thoſe dayes he often prayes and weeps,
That thou wouldſt pardon all his former ſins,
There is his Reſt, his happineſſe begins:
In childiſh toyes, in gaming, ſports and playes,
He ſpends ſmall time but keeps his Sabaoths dayes.

8. Their royall Queene which came ſo many miles,
(With cunning queſtions, witty ſpeeches, wiles) 1.Kin.10.1.to the 11.
To tempt, to heare and ſee the courtly guiſe, 2.Chr.9.1.
The wit and words of *Solomon* the wiſe,
May riſe in iudgement at that dradfull hower,
When Chriſt may alſo on our faces lower,
That more reſpect our pleaſures worke and play,
Then him to ſerue vpon his ſacred day.

9. What ſhall we thinke when Chriſt the Lord of life,
Which ſhed his bloud to end our mortall ſtrife? Luk.11.31.

Shall ſpeake theſe words out of his holy lips,
And not a word as yet that euer ſlips:
But ſtill hath beene moſt weighty powerfull round,
One iot thereof hath neuer fell to th'ground.
When he himſelfe ſhall thus picke out their Prince,
To warne vs all our follyes to conuince,
May we not thinke aſwell he meant her land,
Now at this day as it is knowne to ſtand,
Shall likewiſe riſe at his laſt trumpe and call,
To ſtaine our liues and ſhame our actions all.

Father of Lights, which dwelleſt in a Light,
That farre exceeds our Owely bleared ſight:
What will become of all our learned wit,
When Ieſus Chriſt at thy right hand ſhall ſit,

To make our peace and ſtep twixt thee and vs,
And we in *Vice* to run our courſe on thus,
To anger thee ſo good and iuſt a God,
Not once afrayd of thy reuenging Rod:
But in the day that thou didſt early riſe,
Of death and hell to get th'immortall prize,
In which we were partakers of thy blood
And body both vnto our ſoueraigne good.
And when we ſhould repent vs of our ſins,
By true contrition, which thy mercy wins:
Engrafted made the members of that head,
Whoſe precious bloud our ſoules but then hath fed,
Relieue the poore, examine well our fall,
In meditation ſpend the day and all,
And when we ſhould thy ſacred prayſes ſing,
To make thy people all the while to ring,
Whilſt we at Bowles ſhall ſometimes curſe and fret,
And all for threepence which we cannot get,
And ſhall maintaine our ſinfull deedes in Churches,
And run our ſelues to gather vp the Lurches:
Thoſe that behold vs with repentant eyes,
We call them fooles and Puritants preciſe;
And when the beſt our companie do ſhun,
Home to their houſe we ſend for them and run.

Pardon vs Lord, forgiue our great miſdeedes,
Cull out thy Wheate, and pluck out all the weedes,
Which wrong thy people by their ill example,
The truth neglect in vgly vice to trample:
Though our Religion we may ſeeme to halue,
Like to the Iewes which made the golden calue;
In *Aarons* time, and on their holy day,
Did eate and drinke, and roſe againe to play,

Simile. Exod. 32. 4, 5, 6, 10.

If theſe men by their rude vnciuill ſport,
Thy Maieſty did anger in ſuch ſort,
That had not *Moſes* knowing of their fall,
In zeale beſought them they had periſh't all,
His great deſire thy fury could not ſtay,
But that three thouſand fell within one day,
Their guerdon iuſt no liuing man can tell,
But very like they had gone downe to hell,
All quick aliue amongſt the damned bad,
Num. 16. 32. The puniſhment which after *Korah* had,

scal. & li. 5. We ſee (alas) both grace and goodneſſe lurkes,
Within the hearts of fierce and crewell Turkes,
Of Sarazens and Pagan people rude,
Which with thy truth were neuer yet indude,
Before ſuch time as their ſeducer nurſt,
By *Sergius* helpe moſt dangerouſly at firſt,
A banefull poyſon to infect their bloud,
O'reflowes the earth much like to *Noahs* floud:
Yet theſe alone by thy example led,
Or by the light of Nature in them bred,
Haue euer kept the Fryday in that worth,
Long time before the moſt vntimely birth,
Of *Mahomet* that Antechriſt indeede,
Who found it ſo and left it to their ſeede.

Beſides a world of other people more,
That heere I could produce in ample ſtore,
Which euer kept a holy reſting day,
Abſtayning then from all rude workes and play,
The Indian people haue a reſt alow'd,
Ind. Hiſt. gaſp. Balb. guin. diſ. crip. Ed. 3cot. And thoſe of *Iaua* that to Idols bowd,
The *Negro* black and rich *Peguan* left,
Haue each of them a ſeuerall Sabaoth kept,

The

The ſacred Sibils, with their frantike mother,
Haue ſtill prefer'd one day before another.

We haue great God that which theſe neuer knew,
Thine owne example and the ſcriptures true,
Thy all diuine and holy morrall law,
Which theſe as yet haue neuer heard or ſaw,
Ingroſt in *Sinah* writ twice by thy hand,
To ſhew the ſame for euermore ſhould ſtand.
Both in the Law and in the Goſpells light,
To come to Church and praiſe thy name aright,
Els how ſhould we thy glorious worth extoll,
But like to Swine liue all at home and loll:
And neuer thinke how thou at firſt didſt take,
A little earth and ſo our bodyes make,
Our ſoules infuſe in Paradiſe vs plaſte
Till for our ſins we ſoone from thence were caſt,
'Gau'ſt vs this world Chriſt Ieſus ſent beſides,
Which wrought our life out from his bleeding ſides.

Ex.20.8,9.10
Cha.31.14,15
Cha.34.1.21.

But ſoft I heere that ſome vpon this clauſe,
Haue ventur'd farre to abbrogate the lawes,
The holy reſt a Iewiſh Sabaoth call,
Haue vs liue free, tide to no law at all:
But then (alas) what would become of vs,
That ſift Gods actions, tempt his highneſſe thus,
Of all the lawes that to the Iewes he gaue,
But ten of them in all the world we haue,
And thoſe reduc'ſt for feare they may be loſt,
May be compil'd but into two at moſt:
Theſe farre more weighty ponderous then the reſt,
Were by his glorious ſacred mouth expreſt,
And Chriſt himſelfe that death and hell did tame,
Hath not aboliſh't but confirm'd the ſame;

Elſe

Elſe what meant he when oftentimes he ſaid,
The heauens and earth, the ſea and all ſhall fade,
Before ſuch time that Gods eternall Word,
One iot or tittle ſhall thereof be ſtird,
Did this his coming breede a doubt and flaw,
Still to deſtroy, and not fullfill the law?
Haue not the Prophets told long ſince before,
Of this our Sabaoth which we now adore?

Tis true that ſome euen in our chriſtian Law,
Which haue the arts and learned Muſes ſaw,
Yet haue alledg'd as their aſſertion,
Vpon this place anticipation,
Affirming *Moſes* when thoſe words were writ,
In *Geneſis* and ſtill are extant yet,
Gen. 2. 3. Then knew the reſt and Sabaoth of the Iewes,
But this to me ſeemes rather vncouth newes:
For can we thinke that *Moſes* did intend,
When firſt of all that *Geneſis* was pend,
Theſe ſhould forgoe and be incerted beſt,
As an introduction to the Sabaoths reſt,
That the command cannot be firme and ſtrong,
Vnleſſe theſe words did guide it all along,
Vpon this place ſtill trained vp and nurſt,
As grounding it on Gods example firſt.

What can they ſay to all the ancient men,
The Patriarkes and holy fathers then,
Before the law which liued long and bleſt,
Yet euer kept a ſacred ſeemely reſt,
To ſerue their God to giue him thanks and pray,
That late preſeru'd them from that lowring day,

In

In which the world and all therein was found,
Beſides the Arke were waſht away and droun'd.

And to the Iewes that were with Manna fed,
Ouer the mountaines forty yeeres were led:
Which in the *Arabian* vaſty deſarts weare,
Tipe of our Church that God himſelfe did reare,
Out of affliction, hunger, heate and cold,
O're hils and dales and higheſt mountaines rold,
Vntill at length with wandring hither, thither,
Like ſheepe diſpearſt fould all at laſt together.

When oft they murmur'd, much repin'd and grieu'd,
Vntill their God their bodies had releeu'd,
By ſending Quailes more thick then any haile,
Vpon their fields quite ouer hill and dale:
And ſhowring downe a pearely dew at neede,
In ſhew much like to *Coriander* ſeede,
Sixe dayes together did this Manna fall,
And in the ſeauenth was ſent them none at all:
But in the day before the Sabaoths Reſt,
Full twice ſo much as other dayes at leaſt,
They gathred vp, and till the morrow kept,
In which they eat, and prayd to God (and wept)
To pardon thoſe which on that ſacred day
Durſt ſeeke the fields to finde the ſame and play.

But yet admit the holy Law be paſt,
And that in Chriſt the ſame away be waſht:
Yet the Apoſtles inſtituted ſure,
A ſacred day, a holy Reſt and pure:
The Church of God they planted well and watred,
And but the day they onely chang'd and altred,

In which the flocke they traind along and fed them,
As God aboue in's holy Spirit led them.
And euer ſince the Chriſtians kept that day,
To heare the word, to come to Church and pray:
For God is good, and wilbe mockt of none,
His glorious face the Saints behold alone.

Paul the Apoſtle that was after cald,
1.Cor.16.12. When Ieſus Chriſt was in th'heauens inſtald:
Heb.4.9. Both with the word and holy Spirit annointed,
The Chriſtian Sabaoth in Gods Church appointed:
To meete together, heare his voyce diuine,
The Scriptures ſearch, to trace them line by line;
To preach and pray, to lay vp for the poore,
For all the Saints to open wide the doore.

Ioh.21.7.20. 23. That ſweete Diſciple whom the Lord of life
More dearely loued, then any faithfull wife
(Which euer yet vpon the earth was bred)
Could ſeeme to ſhew vnto her ſpouſe and head.
The laſt of all more louing then the reſt,
Which lean'd at ſupper vpon Chriſt his breſt,
And ſtayd behind his holy Church to guide:
His fellowes thought he ſhould haue neuer dide.

Vir. Sanct. When by *Domitians* ſpightfull cruell word,
Ore all the world hot perſecution ſtir'd:
Though often times before he had ſcap'd the pawes,
Of barbarous Tyrants, and their curſed Lawes.
Liu'd ſtill ſecure, as not afraid of fire,
Sword, famine, murder, in their diuelliſh ire.
Yet at the length, at his moſt damn'd command,
Againe he's caught, ſubiected to their hand;

And

And in a Tun of hot and scalding Oyle,
He hurles his body ore the fire to boyle.
But seeing that could do no good at all,
Worse then a Diuell, most treacherously doth fall
To stratagems, inhumane actions vile,
To banish him in *Pathmos* wandring Ile,
Mongst sauage beasts which lurke in euery bowre,
With open mouth his body to deuoure.

Where solitary in that vnked place,
Christ Iesus shewd his glorious burnisht face, Reu. 1. 9. 10. 11. 13. 14.
Whose feete like Brasse, and eyes as flames of fire;
Rauisht *Iohns* spirit, made his soule admire
To see the Lord, which for our sins late dy'd.
His Christian Sabaoth from the Iewes diuide,
By that all powerfull sharpe two edged sword,
His glorious holy milde Maiesticke word:
His owne example to th'Apostles all,
That on this day was euer seene to call,
To come amongst them, and to shew his face,
To distribute his goodnes and his grace.
This great Apostle to heauens potent Prince,
The Lords day he hath cald it euer since.

Tis writ i'th'Hebrews if the law be ceast,
That to Gods people there remaines a Rest, Heb. 4. 9.
From sin to cease his holy name to praise,
Together flocke, our meditations raise
Aboue the clouds, to that commanding king,
Which out of darknes did our sences bring.
Disperst the Truth, and by his sacred might
Plac'd all our thoughts w'thin the Gospels light.

O let it neuer ſinke within my breſt,
That to Gods people ſhould remaine no Reſt:
But toyle and trauell painfull worke alway,
And Hoddy Loddy, Topſie Turuy play.

Tis true they ſay, that *Conſtantine* the Great,
Firſt Emperour of all the Chriſtian Seate:
First Nicene Counſell. A learned, wiſe, religious Councell cald,
Himſelfe amongſt them in his Robes inſtald,
An Order ſet, abuſes foule corrected:
Reform'd the Church which Arrians infected.
Eſtabliſht Peace, ador'd the Royall Law;
Iam.2.8. Made Penalties to keepe them more in awe.
And by his power as head of all the Earth,
Chriſts gouernment was now but in her birth:
According to the word and Scriptures pure,
Confirm'd our Sabaoth euer to endure.

In euery Age ſince firſt the world was made,
God ſhew'd his iudgements on thoſe men which wade
Beyond the Truth, prophanely ſtill deuiſe
To breake his Reſt, and publiſh wicked lies.

As for example, though I could produce
A multitude, that none might plead excuſe
(Before his Iuſtice) at that dreadfull barre,
For leading others in a maze ſo farre.
And yet of them, but three in all Ile cite,
As fitting to the times wherein I write:
To ſhew how God hath euer hated, curſt,
The very place that Sabaoth breakers nurſt.

Exod.13.16. The ancient Iewes which in *Arabia* walked
Before the Law, when God with *Moſes* talked,

And

And bad him warne the people all, that none
Should dare to gather (euery one alone)
More then a Omer of that bleſſed food
Which fell from heauen vnto their ſoueraigne good.
And in the day before the Sabaoths reſt,
Two Omers full (as is before expreſt)
Should then be gathered, roſted, bak'd and ſod,
But in the reſt minde nothing elſe but God.

How hath that food releeu'd the lingring mind,
Of thoſe his people, whom true loue did bind
In awfull feare, diuinely wondrous fed,
And onely in the light of nature led?
Thoſe which abuſde his ſacred Reſt and grace,
How did it then infect the aire and place
With putrifaction, loathſome, deadly, ranke,
In noyſome manner ore the earth it ſtanke,
Vntill ſuch time that God aboue did pleaſe,
To cleare the aire and ſend them better eaſe:
Conſde all that was ſo lewd prophanely got,
To waſt, diſſolue, conſume away and rot.

The next example, of his iudgements great,
Was in thoſe daies that Babylon did beate
The choſen people, and the holy Nation,
With ſuch a ſcourge, as ſince the worlds foundation,
Was neuer heard as yet in any land;
To feele the weight of his moſt heauy hand:
For prophanation of his ſacred Day,
In carrying burdens, toyling worke, and play
In reuell rout, and ſuch phantaſticke ſport;
Eu'n from the greater to the meaner ſort.
All run from Church to damn'd offences foule,
Neglecting ſtill the danger of their ſoule.

Ier. 17:21. to the laſt.

But God aboue although he often mand,
Their choſen Hoaſt by his victorious hand,
Brought them from *Ægypt* through the red ſeas waue:
When mighty Neptune ſomes aloft and raues:
And in deſpight of enuious Fortunes fate,
Great powerfull riuals and their deadly hate,
Led them at length with al their ventrous hoaſt,
And plaſt their feete vpon the promiſt coaſt.
Yet for their foule abuſing of his reſt,
In all thoſe things which are aboue expreſt,
Ier.52.67 He ſends the Plague, pale Famine, Sword and Fire,
Fowre furious foes to execute his Ire,
Raz'd downe their walls their temple deſolated,
Their City ſack't and Land depopulated:
That for the ſpace of threeſcore yeeres and ten,
It lay vntild, and had her reſt as then.

O holy God, was euer thing more plaine
2.Chr.36.21 Then theſe thy iudgements on thy flock againe,
Vpon thy land? what ſtony heart but feares,
To giue them now a Sabbaoth iuſt of yeares,
For all their foule abuſes, wicked, lewd,
As in my worke ſhall more at large be ſhew'd.

The third example of his wrathfull frowne,
Was lately ſhew'd vpon *Geneua* towne:
R. Iohnſon The Imperiall goodly Chriſtian City chaſt,
Within the Duke of *Sauoyes* country plaſt,
Whoſe people wiſe, religious, ſober, true,
Not giuen to wine with drunken *Bacchus* crue:
Nor to thoſe foule abuſes which abounds,
Within our land, and ore the earth now ſounds;
But euer beene of ciuill chaſt behauiour-
Neate in attire, and of a comely fauour:

So

Soe decent in the actions which they wrought,
That euery man which ſaw their citty thought,
Ieruſalem before it was abated,
Had beene deuinely to that place tranſlated.

And yet theſe men which haue the reſt outſtript,
In one thing ſtill themſelues haue ouerſlipt,
Vpon Gods reſt, his ſacred Sabbaoth Day,
To ſhoote in Guns about the fields and play;
Vntill a cuſtome in a lawfull pleaſure,
Vpon that day grew far beyond all meaſure:
So that their Churchmen, reuerent Preachers graue,
Let them alone careleſſe their ſoules to ſaue.

But God aboue to ſhew his anger iuſt,
Vpon theſe people for their lawleſſe luſt,
In violating of his ſacred reſt,
A fury ſent their country to moleſt:
Fierce horrid warre now thunders on their land,
The Pope, the Spaniard, and the French King ſtand,
All link't alike, to vndermine her wall,
Expecting thus a conqueſt by her fall.

Alas (*Geneua*) how art thou beſet,
With three ſuch foes as in *Europa* yet,
Were neuer knowne ſo ſtrongly to combine,
To ſack a towne, extracted from their line?
What can thy ſhooting in thoſe Guns auaile,
If God forſakes thee, how thy foes preuaile?
Weakens thy ſtrength, abateth much thy ſtore,
Mewes vp thy Campe, and makes thee extreame poore,
Ranſackes thy Country all thy land belurches,
And brings thee now to be relieu'd in Churches.

Theſe

Theſe eyes of ours haue ſeene the worſt and beſt,
And iudgement paſt for breaking of his reſt.

That Antechriſt which in the ſcriptures pure,
Is propheci'd to come amongſt vs ſure,
Began to ſhew his curſed face on earth,
Sixe hundred yeeres after the glorious birth,
Of that ſweete Babe the Man, God, Chriſt and King,
Which came on earth, our ſoules to Heauen to bring,
By the Alcoran on his Sabbaoth day:
Diſcardeth quite all gaming, ſports and play,
Denounceth Iudgement on the heads of all;
Which on that day in thoſe offences fall:
And brands the Diuell an actor in all games,
Voyd of Religion yet ſuch ſports he blames,
As good for litle but to ſweare, and cup,
Fit Inſtruments to bring new quarrels vp.

Mat. 13. 3. to 44.

The parrable of Chriſt vpon the earth,
Is of ſuch weight, and glorious heauenly worth,
Which by the ſea to multitudes he ſpake,
What liuing man but at the ſame muſt wake,
To ſee how God like to a husbandman,
Works vp his ground as well as e're he can,
Winnowes the ſeede, and ſifteth euery graine,
In hope at harueſt by the ſame to gaine,
But that the Diuell i'th inſtant followes hard,
Whoſe curſed ſeede the goodly field hath mard;
Throwes round about as much as in him dares,
In euery place to ſowe his wicked tares.

How can we thinke to ſcape Gods Iudgement iuſt,
Fond men (alas) that are but earthly duſt:

Weake

Weake ſilly wormes when he ſhall on vs lowre,
Then are we but a Winters withered flowre,
That ſuch conceits within our hearts ſhould lurke,
To tempt his loue, examine thus his worke,
And what himſelfe from heauen aboue hath taught,
To ſleight it ore, and hold it idle naught.

Although moſt true in Paradiſe at firſt,
His owne example hath the Sabaoth nurſt,
The Patriarcks and all the holy men,
Before the law obſeru'd their Reſt as then:
And his command to keepe vs more from ſinning,
Hath a *Memento* in the firſt beginning,
The heathen men euen from the worſt to beſt,
In euery age ſtill kept a ſeemely Reſt,
And all the Saints, Apoſtles, men, and Martyrs,
Throughout the world, in all her vtmoſt quarters,
The generall counſells, learned fathers graue,
Thoſe God aboue elected hath to ſaue,
The greateſt Kings, and nobleſt perſonages,
Throughout the world, in all her former ages,
The fearefull iudgements, on that holy Land,
Which he did plant againſt all foes to ſtand,
The Lord of life, Chriſt Ieſus on the earth,
(Then all before we prize him better worth,)
Ordain'd himſelfe our Reſt vpon this day,
To come to Church, to heare the Word and pray,
Yet we contemne and not reſpect the leaſt,
But others leade to breake the Sabaoths reſt.

Grant heauenly God that euermore my heart,
May vpright be, and from thee neuer ſtart,
But that my ſoule the pureſt of my thought,
May be with loue, like to an Anuill wrought,

To make a conſcience of thy ſacred day,
To reade thy word, within the Church to pray,
That all my life vntill my glaſſe be run:
Be not offenſiue to thy deereſt Son,
Which ſits triumphant farre aboue the skies,
Grant that I may behold him with mine eyes,
And when I ſhall appeare before thy face,
Then may I find thy mercy goodnes, grace,
And not thy Iuſtice for offenſes paſt,
But let thy Loue be euer on me caſt:
Euen in the day that ſome men dreame of leaſt,
Place him betwixt vs, giue my ſoule her Reſt.

And yet great God, thou haſt not ſo reſtraind
1. Cor. 10. 31. Our liberty, but that thou haſt ordaind,
1. Pet. 4. 11. At vacant times from ſerious meditations,
To eaſe our ſelues in honeſt recreations,
Such that all others to no vice allure,
Nor in our minds ſhall adde a thought impure:
But that our ſports, our actions, and our playes,
May prayſe thy name the Reſt of all our dayes.

The *Puritant*, he is againe as nice
As theſe vnciuill in their clamorous vice,
1. Cor. 6. 12. That all the weeke with ſuperſtition fed,
2. Cor. 3. 13. 17 To good conceits of others ſcarce are led:
Gal. 3. 11. Adopted ſons, elected brethren wiſe,
Gal. 2. 16. 17. To thinke all damn'd beſide their ſect preciſe:
Pure hypocrite vnder a formall cloke,
That on Gods Reſt muſt draw the *Iewiſh* yoke,
And walke to Church as if his ſteps he told,
To make no fire but ſup his broath vp cold:
And many things which if I here ſhould tell:
I might too long vpon the matter dwell.

But

But whither is my Muſe tranſported now,
Beyond her compaſſe farre away, and how
Comes it to paſſe that ſhe hath rambled thus
About the earth theſe queſtions to diſcuſſe,
In euery Age her ſacred holy Rimes,
To walke along deſcending to our times,
And taxe the world of vnbeſeeming playes,
To reprehend the abuſes of theſe dayes.

And all this while is *Adam* ſtill alone
In Paradiſe, and company hath none,
Vnleſſe ſomtimes God comes himſelfe, and ſallies?
Before his eyes within thoſe pleaſant Allies.
Then is he glad, his heart doth leape for ioy, Simile.
He runs and skips much like a little boy
That goes to ſchoole, al weary at his booke,
Is glad to peeke in euery buſh and looke
(With thoſe his fellowes) for ſome bird or neſt,
Their company his mind ſtill pleaſeth beſt.

So art thou *Adam* when thou art all alone,
Then doſt thou grieue, complaine, and make thy mone
Vnto the Earth, the Aire, the Winds and trees,
But God aboue thy preſent want that ſees,
Comes downe himſelfe to giue thee all content,
One of thy ribs out of thy body rent,
And made a creature of ſuch wondrous fame,
That heauen and earth haue ſince admird the ſame.

To be thy ſollace in his abſence pure,
And glad thy heart, binding thy loue more ſure,
To him at firſt without thine owne direction,
Gaue thee a *Phenix* of ſuch rare perfection.
So ſweete an eye, and pretty pleaſing looke, Simile.
Like Adamant and glittring ſugred hooke.

She drawes thy loue to mind her ſpeeches more,
Then God himſelfe that gaue thee her in ſtore.

Now art thou compleat (*Adam*) all beſide
May not compare to this thy louely bride,
Whoſe radiant treſſe in ſiluer rayes to waue,
Before thy face ſo ſweet a choyce to haue,
Of ſo diuine and admirable mould,
More daintier farre then is the pureſt gold,
And all the Iewels on the earth are borne,
With thoſe rich treaſures which this world adorne.

Though God at firſt this earth for thee hath made,
The creatures all at thy command to trade:
The Sunne and Moone ordaind to be thy light,
The Stars and all vnto their vtmoſt might,
The world it ſelfe and Paradiſe the place,
Where ſtill his loue hath euer giuen thee grace:
Yet all of them compar'd in euery part,
Cannot content and ſatisfie thy heart,
Vntill thy God euen with his ſacred Reſt,
Had giuen thee this to make thee perfect bleſt.

For preſuppoſe as then thou ſtoodſt before,
Though all the world thou hadſt in ample ſtore,
Plenty of wealth and gold at thy command,
And all the creatures in the earth to ſtand,
Before thy face ſubiected to thy will,
And thou the Lord of Paradiſe yet ſtill.
No man beſides which dare oppoſe thy power,
Hem'd in with Angels in that ſacred tower,
And God himſelfe within that holy place,
Vnmaskt his browes to ſhew his glorious face:

Yet

Yet at the best that euer wit can scan,
Thou leadst thy life but like a single man.

But now thy God hath perfect made thy state,
Linck't thee in marriage with so choyce a mate,
Himselfe the Priest which brought her to thy hand,
And knit the knot that euer more must stand,
Ring'd her with vertue, glorious beauty chaste,
Vpon thy selfe and no man else to waste,
Made her the Tipe our sences all to rouse,
Of Christ himselfe, and of the Church his Spouse:
And charg'd the Angels for thy fence and guard,
Of nothing now, but one thing thou art bard.

As the two lights within the Firmament, simile.
So hath thy God his glory to thee lent,
Compoz'd thy body exquisite and rare,
That all his works cannot to thee compare,
Like his owne Image, drawne thy shape diuine,
With curious Pencill shadowed forth thy line:
Within thy Nosthrils blowne his holy breath,
Impal'd thy head with that inspiring wreath,
Which binds thy front, and eleuates thine eyes,
To mount his throne aboue the lofty skyes,
Summons his Angels in their winged order,
About thy browes to be a sacred border:
Giues them in charge to honour this his frame,
All to admire, and wonder at the same.

But *Lucifer* that soard aboue the skye,
And thought himselfe to equall God on high,
Enuies thy fortune, and thy glorious birth, Wis. 2. 24.
In being fram'd but of the baseſt earth,

Himselfe compacted of pestiferous fire,
Assumes a Snake to execute his ire,
Windes him within that winding crawling beast,
And enters first whereas thy strength was least.

Damn'd wicked Diuell what made thee thus to spight,
Our grandame *Eue* and holy *Adams* Right,
What hurt haue they or either of them said,
That thou a trap and secret snare hast laid?
To bane their youth and vndermine their wall,
To gaine a curse vpon their wofull fall:
Thy false proceedings in thy actions best,
How doth the world thy cunning sleights detest?
Which since that time in many ages past,
In euery corner of the earth are cast,
How hast thou malliſt one that hurt thee not?
When all thy enuy vpon *Iob* was shot,
Iob. 16. Transforming thus thy cursed scourge and rod,
Into the shape iust of the child of God.

Ephe. 2. 2. At other times thy nimblenesse and slight,
Rom. 12. 7. 9. Aboue the clouds will be an Angell bright,
And through the aire close in a fiery Waggon,
Thoul't sometimes mount as monstrous as a Dragon,
And when thou list thou any shape canst take,
Euen from an Angell to an vgly Snake.

The fowre maine wheeles on which thy cart doth moue,
Are Rauin, Lust, and want of grace and loue,
The sable horses which thy charriot led,
Haue beene at *Rome* or else neere *Tiber* bred,
For first Ambition with a lofty pace,
Then cursed Enuy with a pale leane face,

And

And Cruelty that tramples best in bloud,
The next is Guile which neuer yet did good,
Appostacy that will his faith renounce,
A stony heart by all of these will bounce,
The Coachmen which do driue them with their rod,
Are treason oft and want of feare of God.

In these and such like shapes thou lyest in waight, Mat.4.1 to
To gull the world as with a poysoned baight, the 12.
That being tane mans vitall life straight baines,
Infects his bloud, and runs through all his vaines,
And as thou art, dost cozen lye and lurch,
Transform'd sometimes into a man i'th Church, Mar.8.33.
Vnder that holy habit, maske, and guise,
Thou setst abroach thy cancred venom'd lyes.

And thus thou camst vnto our grandame *Eue*, Gen.3.1.
And as a Diuell into her thoughts dost diue,
Seeming a Serpent crawling on thy brest,
Much like a simple foule mishapen beast, simile.

Iust

Iuſt in the midſt of all the garden faire,
Thou ſingleſt forth, the happy bleſſed paire.

And watching *Time*, when *Adam* ſtept aſide,
Euen but a little from his louely Bride,
To pluck perhaps a Nut vpon the Trees,
Or get a combe amongſt the hony Bees:
Or ſome ſuch thing to giue his welcome Spouſe,
Euen iuſt to *Eue* thou doſt thy body rouſe,
And queſtions with her, of much idle prattle,
As women they delight to talke and tattle,
What they may not, and what it is they eate,
And what is beſt, within that pleaſing ſeate,
What Tree it is that was to them forbidden,
They dare not eate, for feare they may be chidden.

Then *Eue* againe, which thought no hurt at all,
Or once ſuſpect the venome of thy gall,
As a kind woman full of pleaſing loue,
Told thee indeede that God in heauen aboue,
Had licenſt them to eate of euery Tree,
Beaſt fiſh and foule, with all that they can ſee,
Within the compaſſe of the ſpacious aire,
And that were liuing in the garden faire:
Only the tree that was before their eyes,
They might not touch and taſte in any wiſe,
For in the day that they thereof ſhould eate,
Their God in Heauen would both their bodies beate,
Plague them with paine, and puniſhment extreame,
Subiect to Sickneſſe, Choller, Pangs, and Phleame,
Caſheire them both out of that louely place,
To dye a death in miſerable caſe.

But thou againe that euer didſt deuiſe,
In nothing elſe but execrable lies,

Straight

Straight told the woman that they need not feare,
To eate the fruite that pleaſant tree did beare:
For in the day that they ſhould thereof eate,
The Gods themſelues they would indeed defeate.
Attaine much knowledge, farre aboue mans reach,
And all the Gods in many things would teach.
To thinke of death they need not feare at all,
For why, their eyes ſhould opened be withall:
The goodly fruite would breed this wondrous ods,
Neuer to die, but euer liue as Gods.

O curſed, damned, execrable Diuell,
Delighting beſt in that thing which is euill!
What made thee now thy banefull ſpeech to blow,
Out of that canckred venom'd mouth below?
Thus to entice by thy allurements working,
Within ſo flie an vgly creature lurking.
That *Eue* muſt reach, and in her hand to grapple
So faire a fatall curſt bewitching Apple:
And not content herſelfe thereof to eate,
But reacht another as a daintie meate,
And in her ſweet delightfull louely hands,
Runs to her Lord, where all alone he ſtands
Plaining and grieuing that he her had miſt,
Takes her in's armes, and both together kiſt.

Then ſhe began (in ſmiling wanton ſort)
To ſhew that Apple, which before in ſport
She late had taken from that fatall tree,
The better now to make her eyes to ſee:
And in the hands of her beloued Lord
The ſame ſhe put, according to her word,
And milde perſwaſions, gentle ſpeeches plaine,
In hope much knowledge by the ſame to gaine.

The gawdy lookes and curious pleaſing ſight,
She takes the ſame and ſo of it doth bite.

Oh curſt, oh cruell, wofull, fearefull deed,
What haſt thou done now *Adam* to thy ſeed?
Baind all thy of-ſpring in thy folly nurſt,
And left them all ſtill to this day accurſt.
What canſt thou be euen at thy very beſt,
But little better then the vileſt beaſt?
How is thy ſight (which thought to pierce the skies)
Dazl'd and dimd oft times in both thine eyes,
Before thou canſt to fiftie yeares attaine,
Diſeaſes, Rhumes, do in the ſame remaine?
Out of thy head ſuch ſlimy ſtuffe doth fall,
That oftentimes thou canſt not ſee at all.
What hath thy knowledge purchaſt to thy race?
Thy nakedneſſe thou ſeeſt before thy face.
The thorny Brambles all thy skin beſchratches,
Now thou canſt tell to make a woman breaches.

How hath the fruite yet to this day amaz'd
The wandring minds of curious men that gaz'd,
So farre aboue the top of that ſame tree,
That ſtill the wood for trees they cannot ſee?
In euery corner of this ſpatious ball,
To name the tree that thus made *Adam* fall.

Alas, weake man, what can it do thee good
To know the tree that thus hath baind thy blood?
What can the ſight of that all diſmall fruite,
But diſcontent, and make thee much more bruite?
Thou ſeeſt the world in wandring ſtrange opinions,
And euery land within her owne dominions,

Still

Still to this day maintaining errours plaine,
To tell the fruite that thus themſelues did baine.

The Iewes this day, that Cabaliſts are cald,
The higheſt Rabbies in their art inſtald:
They ſtill affirme, and for a truth do tell,
That *Adams* ſinne (when firſt from God he fell)
Was nothing but the ſweet delicious wine,
Extracted from the ſprawling crawling Vine,
That all *Eues* faults and foule offenſiue skapes,
Was nothing but the wringing forth of grapes:
Within her hand vnto her husband deere,
That ſupt it vp in ſtead of wholeſome beere,
The which no ſooner had the braines aſſaild,
But that his wit and memory both faild:
His ſenſes drown'd with ſuch a ſottiſh feaſt,
God comes himſelfe and finds him like a beaſt.

Rich Epit. de Talmud.

The *Sarazens*, and all the *Turkes* this day,
From Mahomet in euery age do ſay,
The fruite that *Eue* and *Adam* both did eate,
Was but an Eare of perfect *Indian* Wheate,
Which *Adam* pluckt and rubd it in his hand,
Smiling on *Euah* that hard by did ſtand.
Two graines whereof he did vnto her giue,
Eate two himſelfe to make him euer liue.
And that remaind which was but one in all,
Away he tooke out of the garden wall,
And farre in *India* where he rambled long,
The deſert fields and ſauage beaſts among:
This as the cauſe (mayn obiect) of his ſhame,
He hid i'th'ground, and that brought forth the ſame.

Bosk, ara cœli lib. 5. c. 4. & Alcaron.

The Southerne people, and the *Indian* Bold,
Do ſtill affirme and oftentimes haue told,
That neere to *Indus* and braue *Ganges* ſtreame,
Which yeeld all ſorts of excellent fiſh and breame:
Is to be ſeene a gallant tree this day,
Vnder whoſe ſhade a thouſand men may play.
The fruite thereof not very pleaſant pure,
But as it is, it will long time endure,
Much like to Oliues both in ſhape and taſte:
The *Indian* birds this famous figge doth waſte,
That on this tree doth grow the very meate,
And onely food which *Eue* and *Adam* eate.

The antient Iew and *Arabian* borne,
They ſtill do thinke that *Adam* well might ſcorne
To taſte the fruite that growes on *Ganges* ſhore,
The which but late I told you of before,
And that more like and probable it is:
If that their iudgements do not erre amis,
The dainty tree that in their country growes,
And twice a yeare his pleaſant fruite that ſhowes,
Yeelding a fragrant and a louely ſent,
If but the ſame be either cruſht or rent:
A Cucumber much like it is in ſhew,
Of pleaſing taſt, and ſweet delightfull hew.
If with a knife the fruite in two you reaue,
A perfect croſſe you ſhall therein perceaue:
The ſpatious leaues are full a fadome long,
In breadth three ſpans, that I may do it wrong,
If in this place their errour I ſhould blame,
But much admire and wonder at the ſame,
By which the Chriſtians in thoſe parts that dwell,
Perſwaded are, and for a truth it tell:

That

That this indeed was that delitious fruite
Which *Eue* brought *Adam*: whoſe inticing ſuite,
The Opall colour and perfumed ſent,
Made him do that which all of vs repent.

And other countryes in their rouing fits,
Their lofty, prowd, and high aſpiring wits,
Haue labourd much vpon this point to write,
To ſhew the fruite that *Adam* ill did bite.
As though themſelues in Paradiſe had beene,
And at the firſt the very tree had ſeene,
That bare this curſed euer diſmall fruite,
Which make our ſoules ſtill to this day to ruite:
Let them ſeeke ſtill to find the ſame and mone,
Ile ſit me downe and let them all alone.

And yet the place I muſt not thus forget,
Wherein at firſt our parents both were ſet:
Whoſe glorious worth and euer during fame, Gen. 28.
Theſe rurall lines can but obſcure the ſame.
Oh Paradiſe, where is thy louely ſeate?
Whilome ſo famous, wondrous, rich, and neate;
That all the ſtately buildings, curious things,
And goodly proſpects, of the greateſt kings:
The pompe and pleaſures various decking rare,
In all the world cannot to thee compare.
The Lords of theſe haue ſtill in euery age,
As carryed in their holy furious rage,
Aduentured forth with admiration, grace,
But to behold thy ancient ſacred face,
And none of them as yet haue euer found,
Or came in ſight of thy moſt heauenly ground:
Which farre in *Eden* in the orient lies,
Vnfit for man to ſee with ſinfull eyes.

Papiſtes Bellermine: and others.

Some men there be which are perſwaded plaine,
That reall place doth to this day remaine:
Where holy *Enoch*, deare *Elias* pure,
And *Iohn* the Saint, ſhall till doomes day endure,
In far more pleaſures then can be expreſt,
Their bodies liuing with their ſoules at reſt,
Tranſported ſafe within that ſacred wall,
But in what climate of this ſpacious Ball,
The ſame ſhould be, far in the aire haue gaz'd,
Their learning, knowledge, wits, and all amaz'd.

Eſay. 7 3. Iulian Tzet ad luo pag. 100 Hier: com. in Eze. lib. 8

The goodly Region in the Sirian land,
Is thought the place wherein the ſame did ſtand,
Where rich Damaſcus at this day is built,
And *Habels* bloud by *Caine* was after ſpilt:
The wondrous beauty of whoſe fruitfull ground,
The great content which ſome therein haue found,
The ſweete encreaſe of that delightfull ſoile,
Yeelding a world with little care and toile,
The dammaske Roſes, and the fragrant flowers,
The louely fields, and pleaſant arbour'd bowers,
And euery thing that in aboundance breede,
Haue made ſome thinke this was the place indeede,
Where God at firſt did on the earth abide,
With holy *Adam* and his louely Bride.

Barbaſa,

And ſome there be that in the Orient waded,
Which to this day are certainely perſwaded,
The goodly land that farre in *India* lies,
Whoſe rich renowne through all the world now flyes,
Vnder the Line and famous *Zeilan* call'd,
On euery ſide with mighty Neptune wal'd,
May be the place where firſt our Parents ſtai'd,
The earth it ſelfe with all heauens gifts arai'd,

Be-

Beſides the treaſures of that pleaſant land, Linſchotten.
The fruitfull regions in the ſame which ſtand, An Corſali.
The goodly riuers and braue mounting hills,
Sweete temperate aire on euery ſide that fills,
The downy plaines with ſuch a fragrant ſmell,
As winged fame vnto our eares doth tell:
The ſpicy Trees, and braue delightfull flowers,
The dainty walkes, and guilt aſpiring towers,
And all things elſe that man can well deſire,
Or diſcontent of nature may require:
Long life of dayes, plenty of cates and cheere,
All which ſhe powers as on her daling deere,
Within her lap hath plaſte a wonder ſtrange,
For euery man which to that place ſhall range;
Perſwading all that euer ſaw the ſame,
That *Eue* and *Adam* forth from thence firſt came.

Iuſt in the midſt of this delicious land,
Within the center of the ſame doth ſtand
A lofty mount, whoſe top doth pierce the skies,
And round about on euery ſide there lies
The goodlieſt plaine which euer man beheld,
That foure foote deepe with water freſh is fild,
And eighteene miles in bredth the ſame is ouer,
Much like the Sea, from *Calis* ſtrand to *Douer*. Simile.

Vpon the top of this admired hill, Maffius. lib. 5.
Stands yet a Table fixed firmely ſtill,
Of ſollid ſtone that long time there hath beene,
In which the forme of *Adams* foote is ſeene,
The Mores beleeuing, that that ſtamp and print
Was firſt by him indented on the flint,
The mount it ſelfe Piramid like is built;
Vpon whoſe top are ſtately buildings guilt:

Plenty

Plenty of wealth, of rareſt iewels ſtore,
The height thereof full twenty miles and more,
The people all on euery ſide which dwell,
Haue ſtill affirm'd, and for a truth doe tell,
That this indeede was Paradiſe at firſt,
Whoſe fatall fruit made all of vs accurſt.

Vertoman. lib. 3. Chap. 4
And to this day hath ſuperſtition led,
A world of Pilgrims, with blind errour fed,
By *Mahomet*, that antechriſtian beaſt,
Which Paradiſe plaſte in the radiant eaſt,
Whoſe fond conceits of this religious place,
Made ſome men come three thouſand miles apace:
With great deuotion, extreme labour, paine,
To waſh their ſins within this miry plaine,
Thinking the water in this vally lies,
Diſtil'd at firſt from *Eue* and *Adams* eyes;
When great with griefe, and far ſurcharg'd with teares,
They ſhed ſo much as all the ground heere beares:
In woe bewayling of their wilfull ſins,
The ioyfull end where true content begins.

From ſin firſt waſh't, then vp the hill they clime,
With labours great, in prayers ſpend their time,
And ſacrifize to *Manes* God their fill,
Which plaſte their feete vpon this holy hill,
Though their miſtakings may be wail'd and blam'd,
Yet *Adams* hill, the lofty mount is nam'd.

And that which better may confirme their hope,
That this indeede vnder heauens ſtarry cope,
Of all the earth may be the likelieſt place,
Where *Adam* firſt receiu'd his great diſgrace:

Not

Not farre from hence is ſeene a flaming hill,
Of euery man cald *Balananus* ſtill,
Which ſends forth ſmoake and hideous brands of fire,
Threatning the clowds and elements to tire:
Much like the ſword the tree of life did guard,
As if with heauen the earth and all it ward.
This makes them thinke confirmes their fancies more
Then all the reſt I told you of before.

But if in *India* on this famous mount,
Adam at firſt receiued his ſacred count,
And ſo from thence his fruitfull ſpawne at laſt,
Vpon the face of all the earth are caſt.
What may we thinke of that renowned hill,
Whoſe matchleſſe fame full all the world doth fill:
Within the midſt of *Ethiopia* fram'd,
In *Africa* and *Amara* ſtill man'd,
Where all the Gods may ſit them downe and dine,
Iuſt in the Eaſt, and vnderneath the line.
Pomona, Ceres, Venus, Iuno, chaſt,
And all the reſt their eyes haue euer caſt
Vpon this place ſo beautifull and neate,
Of all the earth to make it ſtill their ſeate:
A chriſtall riuer downe to *Nilus* purl'd,
Wonder of Nature, Glory of this world.

Deere *Amara*, thy amorous name doth cite
My lowly pen thy lofty prayſe to write.
If all the world and all therein were mine,
All were to weake to match themſelues with thine.
In all the earth, and all the reſt to looſe,
Thy ſeat to loue inſtead of all I de chooſe.
There are the Temples couered all with guilt,
The Pallaces, and glorious buildings built,

A Library ſo famous rich and round,
As that the like on earth was neuer found.
There are the Muſes and the learned Nymphes,
The royall iſſue, and the beſt borne Imppes:
The ſeed of kings vpon thy body nurſt,
The Preet himſelfe kept long within the firſt.

Admired mount, how haſt thou in all ages
Beene ſtill renownde for rareſt perſonages,
Thy treaſures rich beyond compare that lyes,
Within thy wals may dazle both mine eyes.
Two famous Queenes in Maieſty and grace,
With Lawrell boughs haue much adornd thy face,
As if themſelues with Nature did combine,
To wreath thy browes with ſacred worke diuine.

The firſt of thoſe was faire *Magneda* cald,
1. King. 10. to 11. Braue gallant Queene within thy towre inſtald:
2. Chro. 9. 1. That let the reſt and went her ſelfe to ſee,
If *Salomon* could well compare with thee.
But when ſhe ſaw, and glutted had her eye,
With ſight of that which farre and wide did flye:
Alone ſhe leaues his glorious Temple guilt,
His ſtately Court, and all that ere he built.
His pleaſant land, and curious deckings fine,
As all not worth for to compare with thine.
And ſo returnes within ſhort ſpace againe,
Within thy wals a royall Queene to raigne:
Gods true Religion in thoſe dayes profeſt,
Away ſhe brought and plac't it in thy breſt.

The other Queene that hath adornd thy browes,
Act. 8. 27. With Lawrell crowne of ſacred Chriſtian bowes,

Was

Was *Candace* great Empreſſe of ſuch fame,
As Enuy ſtill cannot obſcure her name,
When *Indica* her loyall Eunuch went
To *Iewry* land vpon Ambaſſage ſent:
Homewards returning on his weary way,
In Pilgrymage ſtraight forced was to ſtay
By God himſelfe, which by the faithfull bide,
And *Philip* ſent to be his onely guide.

O matchleſſe Queene, brate pearle of women kind,
Renowned fame ſhall thy chaſt temples bind,
Which by thy meanes as old Records yet ſayth,
Conuerted all vnto the Chriſtian faith:
Baptized thy ſelfe within that ſacred fount,
Which ſtands ſtill firme vpon thy holy mount:
And in that Church whereas the God of loue
Deſcended downe in ſhape of flaming Doue.

All ſacred hill, how can I chooſe but wonder,
To ſee the God of lightning flames, and thunder,
That rends the rockes, and all to powder paſhes
The ſturdy mounts with ſudden ſulphery flaſhes!
Deſcend himſelfe vpon thy glorious head,
When all thy Princes were baptiz'd and fed.
With that true *Manna* that from heauen was ſhowred,
When Chriſt his bloud vpon thy browes was powred:
Within that Temple of immortall fame,
That till doomes dayes ſhall euer beare his name,
And which before his deareſt bloud was ſpilt.
Vnto the Son was conſecrate and built.

O *Amara* which thus haſt beene beloued,
Still to this day thy foote was neuer moued:

But in the heat of moſt tempeſtuous warres,
God hem'd thee in with ſtrong vnconquered barres.
Protected ſafe, and kept thy feet vpright,
Againſt the world, the fleſh, and all to fight.

No maruell then ſince man at firſt was humbled
Vpon thy head hath falne himſelfe and ſtumbled,
In admiration of thy gifts diuine,
When Nature, Arts, the Gods and all combine,
To cull thee out in farre aboundant meaſure;
And on thy browes to ſhowre their deareſt treaſure.
If in thy walls as ſome this day haue thought,
Adam and *Eue* by God himſelfe were brought,
And plaſt ſecure in pleaſures wondrous well,
Till from thy top for wilfull ſinne they fell.

Some men againe more farre then theſe are wide,
Whoſe large conceits in *Eden* cannot bide:
Fond, franticke men the ſacred truth to reach,
And Paradiſe ore all the world to ſtreach.
Wolfangus. Wiſſenburg. Soropius. Vadianus. The land of *Eden* of that ſpatious worth,
To thinke it went quite ouer all the earth.
The lofty wals which hem'd the ſame in round,
To be the Spheres that in their vtmoſt bound.
On euery ſide about the world do paſſe,
And ſeeme to vs much like a wall of Braſſe.
The flaming Sword that guards the tree of life
From ſinfull *Adam* and his likoriſh wife,
Haue preſuppoſd in all the world alone,
To be the hot and horrid burning Zoane,
That mans exile by curſed enuious fate,
Was nothing but the changing of his ſtate:
When at the firſt from God aboue he fell,
To be entombd within the graue and hell.

In

In ancient times when people were besotted,
Not in that vice which some of vs vs call potted,
But in blind errour of the heauenly light,
Till God by Christ enlightned had their sight,
Perswaded were that Paradise at first,
In which old *Eue* and *Adam* both were nurst,
A reall place vpon this earth was set,
Vntill for sin the world it selfe was wet:
With such a shower on euery side and round,
That all therein were quite consum'd and drownd.

Patricius van 10,lib,20.

Then Paradise his owne peculiar seate,
A pleasant place, delightfull, sweete, and neate,
For feare the floud which o're the earth did flow,
When *Noahs* Arke did on the waters row,
Should ruinate the goodly sacred place,
And bring the walls iust in the selfe same ease,
That *Henoch* City in those dayes was found,
When all the world, and all therein was drown'd:
Transported it within a instant quite,
Far from the earth, and reach of this our sight,
And plaste the same euen in a moment soone,
Within the circle of the lofty Moone.

Gen.7.1. To Thelaste.

And some there be as far as Rome haue rambled,
Which back againe, for want of meanes haue ambled,
Like vgly Bat the monster of his kind,
That vice can see, but yet to goodnesse blind;
Happy were we when first they ran from hence,
Casting a mist vpon the Scriptures sence,
To thinke the place where *Adam* first did fall,
Was but a tale, and no such place at all,
That holy *Moses* in his sacred worke,
Hath little true but only fictions lurke.

The Manichees origen. Rom. familestes ad Renegaoes.

Eſa.33.15,16, Damn'd wicked man, the child of vnbeliefe,
17. The Word diſtruſt, and thus to play the thiefe,
Gods Church to rob, his choſen flock to fleece,
The truth to blur, and heere to pick a peece;
Wringing the ſame. or as we vſe to ſqueeſe,
Simile. A Sponge with water or ſuch kind of Leeſe:
The Scriptures true, and heauenly Hebrew Story,
Conuerting all into an allegory.

Thou ſoareſt high, heere is thy lofty flight,
Gen.2.8. Falſe hearted Rome, which canſt not ſee the light
2.King.19.12. That ſhineth cleere, within the Scripture lyes,
The truth it ſelfe hath bleared both thine eyes:
X. Like to the Bird thou beareth in thy creſt,
That ſeldome times vpon the earth can reſt,
Simile. But mounts aloft with proud aſpiring wings,
The Eagle. Till baſe deſires downe to the ground him brings,
As if the light he could no more endure,
But falls and ſtoopes vnto a carrion lure.

The Sodomites which in the dayes of *Lot*,
Gen.19.11. About the walls where groaping very hot,
To find the Angels that his houſe poſſeſt,
Till fearefull blindneſſe ſtayd their courſe to reſt,
Were beaten downe with horrid ſulphery ſmoke,
That inſtantly their curſed breath did choke:
Transform'd their townes in leſſe then halfe an houre,
When God but once vpon their vice did lowre;
With fire and brimſtone ſtrange vnwonted thunder,
Of all the world the ſad and fearefull wonder,
Amazing all which at this day behold it:
To ſee how God hath vp to nothing rold it.
Made it a puddle and infectious ſinke,
Not fit for man once of her ſource to drinke,

Euen

Euen ſo thy wilfull curſed vnbeliefe,
Prophane abuſing of the ſcriptures chiefe,
Thy Sabaoth breaking, couetouſneſſe and pride,
With all the ſins within the world beſide,
Haue made thee blind to find that louely place,
Where Adam firſt was in his greateſt grace:
About the walls thou canſt not find the dore,
To come within and view the plenteous ſtore;
Thy braines confuz'd as in a maze are led,
Darke vnbeliefe thy cloudy ſence hath fed,
The heauenly light thou canſt not well diſcerne,
From Sodome firſt to looſe thy ſelfe doſt learne,
In all the earth that euer eye did ſee,
How well theſe men we may compare to thee.

But ſtay; whilſt they about the world are ſeeking, Paradiſe diſcribed.
To find the Garden *Adam* had in keeping,
My ſacred Muſe with lofty nimble flight,
On Paradiſe the place it ſelfe doth light:
From *Rome* tranſported tyrant of the weſt:
To *Nimrods* Tower within the orient eaſt,
Neere *Eden* plaſte within *Aſſiria* land,
On *Euphrates* and *Tygris* goodly ſtrand,
By *Babilon* firſt Empreſſe of the earth,
Mother of Arts moſt glorious in her birth,
Whoſe towring fame as Monarch of the world,
Where golden ſtouds in ſiluer ſtreames haue purld;
My ſences wrapt in admirations wonder,
To thinke how ſhe hath all the world brought vnder,
Making her ſeate the glory of her time,
Braue ſtar of Fortune, ſubiect of my Rime:

Franciſcus Iunius. Curtius. Plinni. Solinus.

Heere was the ſeate the likelieſt place indeede,
Where *Eue* at firſt did of the Apple feede,

By

By learned iudgement of thoſe worthy men,
Whoſe high deſart, fames lofty quill doth pen,
Which far and neere about the world haue ventred,
And but at laſt within her walls haue entred.

9. Ptol Geor. lib 65. chap. 20 strabo lib. 16
O Paradiſe, that firſt our Parents ſtai'd,
Vntill ſuch time Gods will they diſobay'd;
How far my pen doth of thy worth come vnder,
Mirrour of earth, of all the world the wonder.
Where ſacred *Thetis* from her louely lap,
Hath power'd her treaſures, much inrich't thy hap,
Which Euphrates and Tigris hath combin'd,
Their Source deuided in foure parts, to winde
About thy borders, as heauens deareſt worke,
Within thy bowels glide along and lurke;
Venting ſuch Iewels as were neuer found,
A welcome tribute to thy holy ground.

plin. lib. 2 Chap. 106
Nature her ſelfe hath much impald thy head,
And wreath'd thy browes as fortune hath her led,
With ſuch a ridge of rocky mountaines ſmall,
To hemme thee in as with a ſacred wall,
Vpon the top toward the eaſt ſtill there ſtands,
A ſmoky hill which ſends forth fiery brands,
Of burning oyle, from hels infernall deepe,
Much like the ſword the tree of life did keepe.

Deuineſt land the ſunne hath euer ſeene,
How fortunate thrice happy haſt thou beene,
To haue that God which fram'd the world and all,
Frequent thy walkes before thy fearefull fall:
Yet as thou art and as thou doſt remaine,
The totall earth on on euery ſide doſt ſtaine:

Whete

Where can a man in all this world below,
Find Bdelium that pleaſant tree to grow,
Whoſe fragrant branches, ſweet delightfull fruite,
And lofty height hath made my ſences mute,
The Onix ſtone and other things to bide,
In all the earth ſcarce in one place beſide.

How is thy ground exceeding rich and faire,
A region ſeaſoned with a temperate aire,
Thy channels crawling full of golden Ore,
The fruitful'ſt ſoile that e're the earth yet bore:
Neptune himſelfe with foure great riuers greeing,
To deck the boſome which gaue *Adam* being,
Vpon thy temples all their treaſures powr'd,
And all their wealth at once vpon thee ſhowr'd.
After the floud when all the world was kild,
In *Noahs* time there man began to build,
When hauing rambled in the ſacred keele,
About the world, on euery ſide did feele
Thy fragrant ſcent ſo pleaſing rich and neate,
Of all the earth, to make thy Throne their ſeate.

Heere was religion planted in her prime,
The golden age and infancy of time,
When mans worſt actions like the Turtle Doue,
In all the world was little elſe but loue:
Deere Paradiſe, how famous was thy name?
When God himſelfe erected firſt thy frame,
Endude thy Land with ſuch things in it ſet,
As time for euer neuer can forget.

The fabling Prayſes of *Elizium* fields,
The Turkes, Eutopia nothing to it yeelds,

The Paradiſe of *Romes* fantaſtike braine,
Is but a ieſt a little wealth to gaine,
And *Aladeules* with his place of pleaſure,
Comes far behind and ſtill is ſhort of meaſure,
Worth honor, grace, when brought into compari
With this ſo rich and glorious garden rare.
The perſian fancies of their heauenly land,
In ſight of this not able is to ſtand,
The world it ſelfe and all that is therein,
I could forſake that very place to win,
And all the greateſt Kingdomes euer found,
But dung and traſh to that moſt holy ground.

). The lofty walls were all of Iaſper built,
Lin'd thick with gould, and couered rich with gui
Like a quadrangle ſeated on a hill,
With twelue braue gates the curious eye to fill,
The ſacred luſter as the gliſtring Zoane,
And euery gate fram'd of a ſeuerall ſtone:
On ſtately columes reared by that hand,
Which grau'd, the world and all that in it ſtand;
The Chalſedony, and the Iacinth pure,
The Emrald greene, which euer will endure,
The Sardonix, and purple Amethiſt,
The Azurd burniſh't Saphire is not miſt,
The Chriſolite, moſt glorious to behold,
And Tophaze ſtone, which ſhines as beaten gold,
The Chriſophraſus of admired worth,
The Sardius, Berill ſeldome found on earth,
The dores thereof of ſiluer'd Pearle moſt white,
Do ſhew that none by wrong oppreſſion might
Be croſt, by cunning, wringing, wreſting guile,
By wicked plodding in all actions vile,

By

By foule offences like base enuy faste,
Can passe the dores but those are pure and chaste.

That sweete Disciple which the Gospell wrate,
And lent at supper, (when Christ Iesus sate)
Vpon the bosome of his Lord and King,
He from the heauens this Paradise did bring,
Perus'd the walls, and view'd the same within,
Describ'd it largely all our loues to win.
The christall riuer with the Tree of Life,
Gods deerest lamb, and sacred Spouse his wife,
The various fruits that in the garden growes,
And all things else which in aboundance flowes:
Hath rapt my sence to thinke how God at first,
Fram'd all for *Adam* and his of-spring curst.

Rev. 21. 10. to the 6. verse of the 22. chap.

To come within how can we but admire,
Why should our minds to view the same aspire,
It being sacred tipe of heauen it selfe,
Our sinfull thoughts worse then the vilest pelfe,
That all diuine by God himselfe first wrought,
Aboue the Cloudes, and then by Angels brought,
Like to an Infant in his timely birth,
Into the Church, and plaste vpon this earth:
The midwife there which did attend the same,
Was deare *Vrania* that braue noble Dame,
Whose glerious worth my weakenesse can't rehearse,
Queene of the Muses, Soueraigne of my verse.

Simile.

But yet *Vrania* be not bold to pry,
Into the secrets of this treasury,
Lock't vp from vs and bard from all to enter,
Where none but thee may without danger venter,

Leaſt thy great God thou traceſt in thy ſtep,
Should from the Heauens downe on a ſudden leap,
As if from ſleepe he had beene rowz'd and waked,
And find thy ſelfe like *Eue* and *Adam* naked.

Adam, what made thee fearefully to hide?
Entangled in the allurement of thy bride,
Thy ſelfe from God, who by his ſacred voyce,
Amongſt the Trees within the garden choyſe;
Repayred now as oftentimes before,
To recreate and view the various ſtore,
Euen in the coole and dawning of the day,
The winds before him vſhering of his way,
Thinking to find as heeretofore he found,
Thine innocency vpright, perfect, ſound;
But contrary, thou lurkeſt in a buſh,
Vntill thy God did neere vnto thee ruſh,
And ſtarting of thee as thou then waſt loth,
He takes thy ſpouſe and thee all naked both.

Adam (quoth God) why doſt thou hide thy face?
What is the cauſe thou art ſo poore and baſe?
That thou ſhouldſt thus with ſimple ſhifts begin,
Aſham'd of me to couer now thy skin,
How haſt thou knowne in leſſe then halfe an howre,
To lurke ſo cloſe within this ſecret bower,
And ſew thoſe leaues to patch them ſo together,
To hide thy ſhame and keepe thee from the weather?
The Tree of Knowledge in this pleaſant ſeate,
I do beleeue that thou thereof didſt eate,
Which I commanded on deaths diſmall paine,
Thou ſhouldſt not touch the iewee thereof to gaine,
Haſt thou now eate of that delicious fruite,
I am afraid thy of-ſpring all will rue it.

O heauenly God (then *Adam* answered straite)
I was intrapt with such a pleasing baite, Gen.3.12.
That made my reason, sense, and all to yeeld;
My strength but weake within so strong a field:
For why, the woman which thou gauest me,
A helpe most meete and comfort sweet to be.
Shee of that tree did plucke but one in all,
And brought it to me as a sacred ball:
The sight whereof by her perswasion moued,
Whom more then gold and all the world I loued.
Straight in my armes began for to embrace,
And she intreating with her smiling face,
Gaue me that Apple in her louely hand,
Which makes me thus before thy sight to stand,
All naked, poore, lamenting of my fall,
As loath to speake when thou at first didst call.
She, she it was which gaue me of that meate,
By her intisements onely I did eate.
If I haue broke thy holy heauenly lawes,
Blame her, (not me) for being first the cause?

Then God (againe) vnto the woman sayd,
Why hast thou thus most treacherously betrayd
Thy louing husband and thy darling deare,
Whom to displease thou oughtst in conscience feare?
He is thy head, thy Soueraigne, Lord, and King,
Why dost thou thus his feete in bondage bring,
Insnaring him, thy selfe and Issue all,
In wofull danger of your soules to fall?

Sweet God (quoth she) a foule misshapen beast,
The vgly Serpent crawling on his breast,
When but a little that I stept a side,
From my deare husbands best beloued side:

A goodly fruite preſented to my view,
That in the midſt of all the garden grew:
Perſwaded much the onely taſte of it,
Would farre increaſe my ſimple womans wit:
The touch thereof would ſight and knowledge giue,
Neuer to die, but ſtill as Gods to liue.

By which inticements ſnared in his trap,
He ſhakt the tree, and vp I held my lap:
That Plumme alone which fell into the ſame,
I kept it ſafe, and to my husband came.
But yet before his preſence well I ſaw,
Not thinking once of thine eternall Law.
By freſh allurement of that Snaky wite,
I viewd the ſame, and ſo of it did bite.
The which when as that I the deed had done,
Away he crawles, and leaues me all alone:
Mine eyes i'th'inſtant wofully did ſee
The murraine Elfe had firſt beguiled me.

Simile. Like to a Mouſe not farre off from her muſe,
So is a woman ſild without excuſe.
When on a ſudden God himſelfe deſcends,
The winged clowds on euery ſide he rends:
All foggy miſts of darkeſome errours quite,
He doth diſperſe and brings the Truth to light.
That all the world his Wiſedome may admire,
To ſee how ſoone he finds the diuell a lyer.

Iuſtitiæ deſcriptio. Iuſtice her ſelfe with grim and frowning eyes,
Deſcendeth downe beneath the lofty skyes:
That euer lowres and holdeth in her hand
A paire of Scales to weigh both ſea and land.

The

The ſecret actions infinite to name,
Which euer yet were hatcht vpon the ſame.

But at her backe there oftentimes attends, Miſericordiæ diſcriptio.
A noble Dame to many a one that bends:
Of ſmiling cheere and ſweet delightfull face,
Borne of the Muſes in their royall Race.
Whoſe ſiluer treſſes as heauens glorious Queene,
The goodlieſt creature euer eye hath ſeene:
In all her robes ſhe ſits at Gods right hand,
Deſcends to ſome, but by his ſide doth ſtand.
In ſecret corners of the heart ſhe lurkes,
Gods Mercies great are farre beyond his Workes:
In heauen and earth, and all that in them are,
None may come neere, much leſſe to her compare.

Alone ſhe ſits, and ſendeth Iuſtice downe
To God himſelfe, that in a ſacred frowne
Summons the Serpent to appeare in place,
Whoſe accuſation layd before his face,
Without demurre and wreſting of the Law,
His heinous crime before his eyes he ſaw,
And ſtandeth mute without excuſe at all,
When God aboue to iudgement once doth fall.

Accurſed diuell, thriſe damn'd is all thy race,
Thy wicked plots and ſecret actions baſe: Gen. 3. 14.
What made thee winde within this winding Snake,
The ſhape of Serpent in thy mind to take?
Why haſt thou ſat on *Adams* ſacred skirt,
To harme a man which neuer did thee hurt:
And wrong a woman with miſchieuous guile,
By enuious plodding in a deed ſo vile?

Could

Could it not ſerue that firſt thou wenteſt about
To ſcale my throane, from heauen to ſhut me out?
But this my worke, which more I did admire
Then all the Angels fram'd of burniſht fire:
The heauenly lights and all that euer were,
Within the compaſſe of the ſpatious aire.
The man himſelfe in whom I tooke delight;
Plac't him in *Eden* by my powerfull might.
That thou ſhouldſt thus with all the diuels combine,
In ſpight to me his perſon vndermine.
To creepe to *Eue* as if ſhe were thy Ant,
And fawne on others like a Puritant.
What haſt thou got for all thy villany?
A beaſt thou liu'ſt, worſe then a beaſt thou'lt dye.

And yet not die, for euerduring paine,
(For this thy treaſon) ſhalt be ſure to gaine.
The fire of my iuſt wrath will make thee gurne,
Simile. As burning Braſſe thy bowels ſcorcht ſhall burne.
The worme of Conſcience ſhall torment thee euer,
Simile. And like a Vulture feed vpon thy Liuer.
That ſtill in death, a horrid fearefull ſmart,
Shalt dying liue, to ouerloade thy heart.
Grinde all to powder thy damn'd wicked rout,
With coales of fire, which neuer ſhall go out.

Thy tongue ſhall be a ſure and certaine token,
How falſe to woman thy curſt mouth hath ſpoken;
For in the ſame a forked ſting ſhall be,
That after times may ſtill thy enuy ſee:
And all her race ſhall thee torment and vexe,
And thou againe ſhalt skare her fearefull Sexe,
Lurking in dens and ſecret holes obſcure,
To trap the iuſt with banefull breath impure.

Thy

Thy hide bepainted with a peckled varnish,
Thy venom'd carkasse in thy pride shall barnish:
An vgly creature shalt thou be vncouth,
Thy teeth all blacke within thy lying mouth.
Out of that hollow irkesome vast abisse,
Vpon thy belly shalt thou crawle and hisse.
Dust shalt thou eate, and canckred be thy skin,
Thy body swolne with poyson all within.
Thy viperous seed in vgly enuy borne,
To all the world shall be the hatefull scorne.
In euery path, and out of euery hedge,
Their poyson fell in humane flesh shall wedge:
That when they time and place to purpose feele,
Their venom'd tongue shall bite them by the heele.
Thus till the earth shall mould away and fall,
Where men least thinke there shall they lie and crawle.

The Womans seed in iust reuenge againe,
Thy head shall breake, and cursed actions baine,
When that sweet Babe shall to the world be borne,
That heauen and earth with glory shall adorne.
Then shall he trample on thy cursed hide,
And on the clowds with winged fame shall ride.
Before his face shall ratling cracks of thunder,
Amaze thy sense, and reasons false bring vnder.
To see when he shall on the earth descend,
How thou in chaines and fetters shalt be pend:
Tormented in those paines no tongue can tell,
Scorcht all to cinders with dam'd diuels in hell.
Curst is thy life, thrice cursed is thy race,
Voyde of all goodnes, mercy, loue, and grace:
Here is thy doome vpon thy Snakie head,
That others with thee hast to sinne misse-led.

Scarſe theſe laſt words were ſpake by God himſelfe,
Of his ſad iudgement gainſt this curſed Elfe:
And but beginning of *Eues* diſmall ſpeech,
When ſuddenly ſhe gan to cry and ſcreech:
Miſericordia. When in the inſtant from the lofty skyes,
Mercy comes downe and into *Eden* hies;
Proſtrated falls vpon her bended knees,
But God himſelfe his daughter deare that ſees,
With weeping eyes before his face to craue,
That but on *Eue* he would compaſſion haue:
Began to ſtay his minde, to alter cleane,
And to the woman now began to leane:
But that hard by ſtood Iuſtice in the place,
And vrg'd him much to proſecute the caſe:
When all the reaſon Mercy well could render,
Was that her ſelfe was of the female gender.

Iuſtitia & Miſericordia. Whileſt both of theſe each other do oppoſe,
Loath each of them their humble ſuite to loſe:
Contending ſtill as aduocates at Barre,
Or combatants in furious fearefull Warre:
Natura. And altogether iudgement ſpeedy feares,
Gods eldeſt daughter in the place appeares.

Nature diuine, like to *Aurora* fac't,
Simile. A noble Lady, beautifull and chaſt:
Naturæ deſcriptio. Braue famous Queene, a royall perſon borne,
Whom heauen and earth and all therein adorne.
Her haire diſheueld, trailing to the ground,
And in the ſame the rareſt ſecrets bound,
Without all art in curious manner curld,
And in her hand the Globe of all the world:
Ten thouſand colours in her gowne are ſeene,
Wrought by her ſelfe vpon a ground of greene.

In

In all her iewels of admired gaine,
With fower braue Ladies bearing vp her traine: The Elements
She ſober enters in that ſacred place,
And downe ſhe fals before the Almighties face.

Father, ſayd ſhe, deare Father here behold, Oratio.
Giue me but leaue to be a little bold,
Finding my ſiſters iarring neuer ceaſe,
To reconcile and ſet them both at Peace:
A holy worke which thou haſt euer loued,
My ſelfe thereto by charity firſt moued.
One of my deare affected ſiſters ſweete,
That from this place to heauen did lately fleete,
Brought me ſuch newes when at the firſt we met,
Till all diſſolue I neuer ſhall forget.

And like it is this maſſie weighty ball
Which hangs ſo euen iuſt in the midſt of all:
Would ſoone returne to what it was at firſt,
If all thereon for this one fault were curſt.

Behold this Fabricke here within my hand,
The mighty Gloabe of all the world doth ſtand:
What will become of all thy Noble workes,
This goodly frame, and all that euer lurkes
Within the compaſſe of the heauen and earth,
If now deſtroyd within their prime and birth,
All will conſume and vnterly decay,
If Iuſtice once thy Mercy ouerſway.

Iuſtice I know doth vrge thy ſacred word,
Which from the Truth as yet hath neuer ſtird:
Thy penalty on *Adam* and his Race,
For foule offending in this holy place.

The execution of thy Law diuine,
In the leaſt tittle of each Statute line:
Which hath ordaind that in that diſmall day,
In which the woman did the diuell obay;
To taſte the fruite and ſucke it with her breath,
That both of them ſhould die a fearefull death.

Mercy againe as being full of Loue,
Pittie, compaſſion from thy throane aboue
Preſents her ſelfe before thy ſacred face,
Imploring Goodnes, Maieſtie, and Grace:
To be a meanes to mediate a peace,
And that for once all further iudgement ceaſe,
When by the Enuie of a viperous tong,
Hatcht by the diuell this curſed malice ſprung:
And their offence to take it at the worſt,
By Iuſtice weigh'd will yet be found the firſt.

O then deare Father let me ſpeake my minde,
Be Juſt and Louing, Mercifull and Kinde:
Puniſh all ſinne according to thy word,
The Truth preſerue, that none at Iuſtice gird:
But yet let Mercy at thy right hand ſit,
Thy noble workes in ſacred holy writ,
Shall then be blaz'd vnto their vtmoſt worth,
And thou be knowne a God vpon this earth.
Then ſhall large volumes with thy prayſes ſwell.
Thy Mercy drop to infant ſoules in hell,
Which neuer haue offended much thy minde,
But borne in ſinne and neuer knowne vnkinde,
Whoſe curſed parents croſt thy heauenly will,
The ſperme of thoſe that liue in errour ſtill.

Thy

Thy ſentence paſt cannot againe be call'd,
And truth muſt ſtand before thy face inſtal'd,
That very day according to thy word,
In which the tree of Knowledge firſt was ſtird,
By *Eue* and *Adams* wilfull treachery,
Both of them then a cruell death ſhould dye:
If mercy now had not come downe in haſt,
And at thy feete her humble ſute had caſt;
Before this time that iudgement had beene giuen,
Both of their liues might well haue beene beriuen.

O then what would become of all this frame,
And all thereon, too infinite to name,
The famous actions by thy ſpirit nurſt,
All muſt returne to what it was at firſt.
One day with thee is as a thouſand yeeres,
The hower of death Incertaine full of feares.
Firſt ſaue the ſeede and let them liue in awe,
Then dye a death for breaking of thy Law;
So is thy word confirm'd, my ſiſters pleaz'd,
The world remaine and iudgement ſomewhat eaz'd,
Then ſhall thy creatures in all ages ſtand,
The worke diuine of thy all powerfull hand,
And euery thing that on the earth is bred,
Shall ſhew thy glory both aliue and dead:
That all may ſtand to all eternity,
Thy only Son offers himſelfe to dye.

But ſilenc'ſt once by Gods commanding Word,
The iarring ſiſters neuer after ſtird,
But ſatisfied, and reſting well content,
They ſpent the time in hapleſſe merriment,
And God aboue to iudgement doth proceede,
With fearefull *Euah* and her timerous ſeede,

Her naked husband that himſelfe excuz'd,
And ſaid his wife his loue had much abuz'd.

Gods iudgement on Euah.

O ſilly woman to be thus beguil'd,
In ſorrow now that ſhalt bring forth thy child,
A hard conception with an extreme paine,
Sick loathſome vomits at my hands ſhall gaine,
Thy husband now ſhall ouerrule thee ſtill,
Thy fond deſires bee ſubiect to his will:
A conſtant loue ſhall hardly once be found,
Within the breſt of any on this ground,
And from this day the moſt of all vnkind,
Fickle, vncertaine as the wauering wind;
Toſt too and fro with euery blaſt that blowes,
Entangled ſtraight with gawdy curious ſhewes,
That moſt of you your husbands will forſake,
A golden bribe or licoriſh thing to take.

Gods iudgement on Adam

Heauens glorious iudge to *Adam* alſo ſaid,
Becauſe thy wife thou haſt an Idoll made,
To trace her ſteps which leade to deadly ſin,
Thou doſt but now to feele thy woe begin,
Curſt is the earth, and curſt is for thy ſake,
The fruite thereof accurſed will I make;
In great vexation, extreme labour paine,
Toyle, ſweate and duſt, thou ſhalt much ſorrow gaine,
The earth henceforth ſhall now no more endure,
Vnleſſe thou till, and much her ſides manure,
And when thou think'ſt thy barnes top full to fill,
Thy Vintage ſtor'd with plenty at thy will,
In monſtrous Mows to pile a wondrous heape,
Then thiſtles, thornes inſtead thereof thou'lt reape,
Much like the beaſt which on his belly feedes,
Soe ſhalt thou liue by hearbs and garden ſeedes,

Till

Till thou returne vnto the earth againe,
And that therein thy limbs all cold be laine,
This is the mother that thy body nurſt,
Out from the ſame thou taken waſt at firſt,
Sorrow and ſickneſſe ſhall thy body burne,
For duſt thou art, to duſt thou ſhalt returne.

O heauenly God, heere is a iudgement paſt,
Throughout this world eternally to laſt,
No writ of errour can the ſame reuoke,
When as the words by thine owne mouth are ſpoke:
Heere is a ſentence with a ſacred ſeale,
No inhibition can thy law repeale,
Nor all the tricks, deuiſes ſubtill ſhifts,
Of greedy Lawyers with their bribes and gifts,
Can once diſſolue a knot ſo ſurely knit,
With all their braines and cunning peeuiſh wit:
But that the ſame for euermore muſt ſtand,
A iuſt decree by heauens diuineſt hand,
Drawne vp aboue in *Eden* ratified,
With all the Angels in the world beſide,
And all the powers of firmament and all,
To this decree conſented at thy call;
Heauens deereſt Babe whoſe fame ſhall periſh neuer,
Hath with his bloud confirm'd the ſame for euer.

The Regiſter that vp this order drew,
Was Time it ſelfe clad all in Azure blew,
Wing'd like an Angel, ſhadowed with a vaile,
And *Truth* his Daughter bearing vp his traile,
Nobly attended with a Lady kind,
More quick and nimble then the ſwift foote hinde.
Within his mouth a lofty Trumpe doth ſtand,
And a ſharpe ſith or ſickle in his hand.

Tempus & veritas ear. deſcriptio.

A glaſſe of ſand continually that runs,
Within his way no liuing thing he ſhuns,
Lock't long before his head, behind all bald,
To ſhew whats paſt can neuer be recal'd.

O *Time*, preſeruer of all ages paſt,
How are mens eyes on all thy actions caſt,
Thou ſhouldſt be true and conſtant in thy courſe,
Why ſhould baſe gold thy mind to ill inforce,
Allure thy ſence and reaſons temporize,
Alter an order daube vp both thine eyes,
When God the King and all the Lords decree,
A Iudgement iuſt to all eternitee,
In open court pronounce the ſame at large,
Commit it ſafe to thy ſole care and charge;
Yet for a bribe within thy griping fiſt,
Thoul't ad, ſubſtract and ſet downe what thou liſt.

Princes and peeres, graue Iudges of the Land,
Let euer Iuſtice in your actions ſtand,
Looke well to time, for time it ſelfe doth call,
It may deceiue and goe beyond you all:
Diſpatch the poore, and heare the widdowes cauſe,
Let not the Orphant periſh by your lawes,
The Innocent is oftentimes vndone,
But in defending of a ſute begun:
By mighty foes that ouerdares his youth,
And lies ſuggeſt inſtead of naked truth,
Then is he poſted too and fro in haſt,
His life, lands, liuing, all he hath to waſt:
And neuer left ſo long as worth a groate,
His weary limbs oft times in priſon rot,
All by delayes when golden angels houer,
Within the fiſt of euery ſeruile louer,

That

That but attends and comes before your face,
By bribing liues vnto your foule disgrace,
O to be sway'd with euery glistring fee:
This is iniustice in the worst degree.

But you are wise, to you a word is more,
Then all the workes to this day kept in store,
Can be to those that little vnderstand,
And more respect, some feeling in their hand.
Trace that great God in all your actions out,
Let him be still to bring the day about:
Your only starre sole leuell and your square,
The seuerall frames of all your works to reare,
But you are men your memories may faile,
Let not your seruants set your worth to saile;
Iustice and Mercy, Time and all for gold,
'Gainst Natures lawes outright are bought and sold,
And why should man thus to base bribing fall,
There is a God which takes account of all?
And oftentimes what by the diuill is got,
Vnder his feete he treades it till it rot.

And yet what reason haue we to complaine,
When *England* thou hast got the richest gaine, *Iacobus Rex,*
The deerest treasure and the welcom'st fee,
That euer any land attain'd but thee,
A royall King deriued from the race,
Of *Edens* Monarch in her greatest grace,
Within whose face true Maiesty doth shine,
Iustice and Mercy in his browes combine,
His temples chast with lawrell boughes are wreathed,
The sacred Muses in his breast haue breathed,
Vpon his head three famous crownes do stand,
Gods deerest booke is euer in his hand.

Whoſe Angels ſtill his perſon hath protected,
And all his daughters him for King elected,
Too weake (alas) I muſt my ſelfe confeſſe,
O that my Muſe could but his worth expreſſe,
Though in this place I doe but giue a glance,
Of that which after in my worke may chance,
His fame renowne ſhall euer flouriſh greene,
Sire to a Prince, and father to a Queene.

Carolus Princeps. So ſhall the fame of his illuſtrious ſonne,
Mount vp the aire, in *Phœbus* chariot run,
About the earth on euery ſide ſhall ſound,
As far as *Eden* and the *Indian* ground,
And ſtill his Glory all the world ſhall paſſe,
And be ingrauen in monuments of braſſe,
That Time for euer ſhall his worth adorne,
The greateſt prince that euer yet was borne.

Braue Prince of peace from heauen it ſelfe deſcended,
How hath this land beene by thy birth befriended,
To haue a ſpirit of ſuch noble wit,
heereafter ſway within her lap to ſit,
When *England* thou maiſt ioy, delight and court thee,
Vnder his wings maiſt ſit thee downe and ſport thee,
Sollace thy labours with a glad content,
And giue God thankes that him to thee hath lent:
Whilſt other lands haue not ſo rich a pawne,
About ſucceeſſion out their ſword is drawne,
Nothing but bloud, confuſion, ſhreikes and skars,
As late was ſeene within thy ciuill wars.

Nobilitas. Heere could I ſtay and ſit me downe and pauſe,
And view thy court and all thy reuerent lawes,
Admiring all the nobles of thy Lands,
How with deuotion all their ſeruice ſtands,

Prone

Prone euer prest to reattend thy will,
To run and goe as thou command'st them still,
Whose worth and merrit, euery one in order,
Should all be ranck't within this sacred border:
But that to *Adam* I must post apace,
And tell what fell vpon his fowle disgrace,
Meane while when Time shall worke vnto my mind,
Then shall my Muse their seuerall vertues find.

Adam no sooner had his Iudgement past,
But God his Mercy on his darlings cast,
As one that neuer both of them forsakes,
For one sole fault but mild compassion takes,
Pitties their want, and wailes their fowle abuse,
Tenders their good admits a weake excuse:
Like to a father of a louing heart, Simile.
Loath with his son and daughter both to part,
Though much prouoked by their folly meere,
Still cloathes them well & makes them of't good cheere:
So God aboue whose loue doth farre surpasse,
The greatest loue as yet that euer was,
For all their faults and fowle enormious sins,
Yet cloathes them warme, in well furd coates of skins. Gen. 3. 2. 1.

And thus attir'd as in a mantle curld,
From *Eden* now they come into this world, Simile.
For Iustice vrg'd vnto their sinfull face,
They might not stay within that sacred place,
For feare that *Adam* and his longing wife,
Should take and eate but of the tree of Life,
And so for euer both of them should liue,
To thinke the fruit did life vnto them giue:
Like to a man when publikly detected, Simile.
But for one fault is still of more suspected.

O Holy God, heere is a miſtery,
The Tree of life what it doth ſignifie,
But that deare Lambe out of whoſe bleeding heart,
Our ſoules were held much to his paine and ſmart.
The time indeede when *Eue* the fruite did gripe,
The tree of Life was not then fully ripe,
But long time after in his glorious birth,
Iuſt in the midſt and center of the earth,
It flowriſht greene on ſacred *Sion* ſate,
Till twas cut downe by curſed enuious fate.

Tempus. Now winged Time Gods ſpeedy meſſenger,
A nimble haſty poſting paſſenger,
That hard by ſtood recording what was paſt,
Vp to the skyes his eyes i'th inſtant caſt,
Spide *Eue* and *Adam* ſtanding in the place,
Thus cloathed both before the almighties face:
When but commiſſion from that ſacred lip,
He had obteyn'd, lets no aduantage ſlip,
But mild and gently takes them by the hand,
Shewes them the gate that to the eaſt doth ſtand,
Leades them along lamenting of their fall,
For all their cryes, ſets them without the wall,
Bars vp the dore with ſuch an iron leuer,
As none aliue that once can enter euer.

(Alas poore *Adam*) now thou feel'ſt thy hurt,
The aire all cold doth make thy body ſmart,
Weakenes thy limbs, benummeth much thy ſtrength,
And makes thee glad to fall to worke at length.
Thy wandring firſt, and loſing of thy wife,
Thy pennance then and toyling weary life,
With all the reſt that did to thee befall,
Before thy ſad and ſacred funerall:

With-

Within this place I muſt forbeare to tell,
For feare my booke would to a volume ſwell,
And proue more bigge then any of the reſt,
Like one great diſh mongſt many at a feaſt.

And yet a word (though Time againe do call)
To anſwer that which in my way doth fall:
Amongſt ſome men there is a queſtion made,
Of thoſe that loue before their time to wade,
How long it was in innocency firſt.
That *Adam* liu'd before he grew accurſt,
How many weeks, yeares, months, or count of dayes
Were paſt before *Eue* fell to fooliſh gayes:
And how long after that they were detected,
They ſtayd in *Eden* all with ſin infected.

Some men there be which are of this opinion,
Euen in our dayes within our owne Dominion:
That in the day when *Adam* was created,
The diuell i'th'inſtant ſtraight his fortune hated:
Enuyde his glory, ſought his ruine more,
As in my worke I told you of before.
Tis very like that when *Aurora* bluſht,
The morning cleare, and all were calme and huſht:
That *Adam* then and his ſweet ſpouſe were made,
But ere that *Titan* farre from home did wade,
In weſterne Seas his weary courſers duckt,
And heauens wide curtaine ore the earth was pluckt.
It may be true that he might fall againe,
And be expulſt out of that ſacred plaine:
For ſome there be that heretofore did ſay,
Man neuer ſtayd in honor yet a day.

Others there be that cannot thinke it true,
Their puniſhment did inſtantly inſue:
But that long time they liued in the place,
Enioying fauour, countenance and grace.
That God himſelfe did oftentimes deſcend
To *Eden* land, like to a louing friend.
After the man had liued long alone,
He fram'd the woman of his left-ſide bone:
Brought them together, as before you heard,
Whoſe foule offence the godly Garden mard.

O heauenly God! why ſhould we heere below
Trouble our ſelues thy ſecrets paſt to know:
When thy drad word which thou from heauen haſt ſent,
The world and all can giue vs ſcarce content,
But ſtill we ſtriue, and at thy ſecrets ayme,
Till thou our Reaſon in our Senſe doſt maime.
Here is the glory of th'eternall Crowne,
Mans earthly wiſedome vtterly throwne downe:
Though in Gods booke we loue to pry and peeke,
In things diuine ſometimes we are to ſeeke.

Tempus. But Time againe to God himſelfe retiring,
Where all his daughters were with ioy admiring,
To ſee the diuell damn'd to the loweſt hell,
Adam expulſt, themſelues contented well:
After a gentle kinde reſpectfull awe,
Before his eyes that all mens actions ſaw,
Takes ſacred Iuſtice by her reuerent hand,
That nobly, graue, within that place did ſtand,
Iuſtitiæ deſcrip. Leads her along in milde maieſticke ſtate,
Plac't both her feete vpon the Eaſterne gate.
In Scarlet roabes downe to her Anckles trayling,
A Crowne of gold her browes all chaſt impaling.

Her

Her hands are cleane, not carryed with a tale,
Her modeſt eyes are couered with a vaile.
Out from her mouth as heauens eternall cryer,
There ſtreames a blade of pureſt burniſht fire,
A Sword (which ſhakes) that vpwards downwards curld,
Like blazing ſtars amazing all the world. *Simile.*

Iuſt by her ſide (at her right hand) Time places
The goodlieſt Dame mongſt all the Nymphs and Graces
The ſweet borne Mayd, and nobleſt Cherubim,
That euer Nature at her beſt could lim:
Braue peereleſſe Queene, moſt Angel-like thy face, *Miſericordia.*
The Saints in heauen thy very name imbrace.
There thou doſt ſtand by Iuſtice reuerent ſide,
Till all be ended thou by her muſt bide,
And ſhe againe at Gods diuineſt word,
Doth guard thy perſon with her flaming ſword.

Not long before (if you remember well)
When *Adam* firſt with *Eue* his darling fell, *Charitas.*
And both all naked iuſtly for it blam'd,
Loues baſhfull Lady was thereof aſham'd:
And as offended in that ſacred place,
Mounts vp the clowds with diſcontented face,
Bewailes mans fall with teares, bedewes her cheeeks,
Moſt louely looks, and round about ſhe ſeekes,
If ſhe can find with all her toyle a friend,
To ſet all right, and paſt offences mend.
When ſhe had paſt to ſiluer *Cinthia* fayre,
Through the cold Region of the liquid Aire,
And croſt the way that *Phaeton* begun,
With his prowd Teame about the world to run,
Aboue the ſtars and fiery regions hot,
With extreame labour paine and trauell got,

On

On euery ſide through danges great had ventred,
Yet at the laſt within heauens wals ſhe entred,
Where ſhe beheld a goodly glorious ſight,
Ten thouſand candles all the world to light,
Carryed in courſe about the earth to reele,
And Nature nobly turning of their wheele.

j. After thoſe kind imbraces euer vſde
Twixt Ladies faire, dame Nature ſmiling, muſde
To ſee her ſiſter with her louely face
Thus rapt alone within that ſacred place,
To paſſe the clowds and firy frozen Ayre,
The earth to leaue, vnto her to repayre:
Euen in an inſtant at that happy time,
What heauen ſo high but loue diuine will clime?
Scale vp the throane of God himſelfe aboue,
Thriſe noble Lady full of grace and loue.
Nature amaz'd as wondring what it ment,
To ſee thy lookes bewray a diſcontent.
Enquires the cauſe that makes thy face ſo ſad,
The newes below ſhe thinks is worſe then bad.

But when ſhe heard and vnderſtood the cauſe,
That *Eue* and *Adam* brake their Makers lawes,
Incurr'd a curſe on all their future ſeed,
She thought the world and all therein would bleed,
And that Gods anger for ſo foule offence,
Would not be pleaſde vnleſſe ſhe went from thence.
Not ſtaying now to heare the matter ſcand,
She takes her ſiſter by her louely hand,
Deſcending both in all their rich attire,
Downe the hot region of heauens burniſht fire,
Through the cold Aire beneath the Moone they diued,
And at the laſt in Paradiſe arriued.

Here

Here ſhe ſtood by and ſaw Gods iudgement paſt,
And oftentimes forth from her eyes ſhe caſt
A Sea of ſalt and driery briny teares.
Her loue(alas) was euer full of feares,
To make her venter in the heate and cold,
And mount the skies, as euen but late I told:
Bring Nature downe in ſpeedy poſt apace,
To appeaſe Gods Iuſtice in that ſacred place.

Time ſpies her forth, and takes her by the hand,
Which louely there within that place did ſtand:
And as before he vſde each other Siſter,
So now this Lady firſt of all he kiſt her.
Then leades her foorth much like a louely Queene,
Spangled in Iewels, wrought with gold in greene:
Brings her to Iuſtice, plac't her by her ſide,
In future ages euermore to bide.
That till this world by power diuine ſhall ſtand,
Theſe ſiſters both ſhould be on either hand,
To guide the earth and keepe her feete vpright,
And gouerne all vnder the Prince of might:
When Mercy, Iuſtice both from Loue do flow,
The Scarlet garment ſeemes as white as Snow.

Time backe retires as heretofore he did,
When now the place was of the Ladyes rid,
And on a Dame of Noble birth doth light, Veritas.
Cald Truth his daughter cloathed all in white:
He takes her gently by her lilly hand,
Wherein Gods booke did at that inſtant ſtand.
Brought her along (as all the reſt before)
Ouer the gate vpon the ſacred dore,
In all her roabes with comely pompe and grace,
And plac't her right before dame Iuſtice face,

Iuſticia. O heauenly God, may I not well reſemble
The flaming Sword which made the earth to tremble,
When all the world thy ſacred Iuſtice ſaw,
To deare *Elias* liuing in the Law,
Rapt vp a liue within a flaming Cart,
2.Kin.18.40. His coate imblazde might be a bleeding heart.
2.King.1.10. When *Ieſabel* the monſter of her ſexe,
2.King.2.11. His harmeleſſe ſoule vpon the earth did vexe:
Her Prophets falſe to *Babylon* that ran,
He quite conſum'd, and ſcarcely left a man
To carry newes of that vnwonted fire,
Which fell vpon them at his iuſt deſire.

Miſericordia That Cherubin vpon the right hand plac't,
Which time himſelfe hath with his fauour grac't.
In all the world how well I may compare,
To aged *Henoch* walking in the Ayre,
Within whoſe dayes when God his body rapt
Aboue the clouds in innocency lapt,
Before ſuch time as *Moſes* Law was gaued,
By Mercy onely all the world was ſaued.

Charitas. The other damſell which my pen doth lim,
The ſweeteſt faſt and louelyeſt Cherubim,
That Time himſelfe vpon the left hand ſet,
And which my Muſe can neuer well forget.
If that we reade the holy ſacred Booke,
How neare her perſon (all diuine) doth looke,
To that Diſciple which the reſt ſuruiu'd,
In *Pathmos* Ile into the heauens a riu'd:
Rauiſht in ſpirit on a ſacred day,
Within a coffin did his body lay,
And round about a light there ſhined bright,
The coffin caught quite out of all their ſight.

The leſſon ſtill that he did euer preach,
Both in his life, and by example teach,
In all his workes like to the Turtle doue,
Throughout his bookes was little elſe but loue.

That Cherubin which ſtood before the face
Of ſacred Iuſtice in that reuerent place:
Like to an infant that his Nurſe doth weane,
Whoſe face is ſmiling, fingers ends are cleane.
All full of Truth, not knowing how to faine,
Diſſemble falſly all the world to gaine.
How well I may compare her ſetled looke,
To Gods eternall euer bleſſed booke.

Veritas.

Theſe Cherubins all glorious to behold,
Surpaſſing farre the pureſt burniſht gold:
The radiant ſplendor of whoſe ſacred rayes,
Reſemble thoſe ador'd within our dayes,
Iuſtice diuine, much like to God himſelfe,
That ſcorneth bribing and all ill got pelfe,
And ſhewes by iudgements fearefull paſt examples,
How all the world vnder his feete he tramples,

Iuſtitia.

Mercy againe much like to Chriſt his ſon,
That hath the crowne of glory for vs won,
And from the heauens deſcended to the earth,
To make vs happy in his welcome birth,
Whoſe panting ſoule had neuer minutes reſt,
Suffring thoſe torments not to be expreſt,
Surpaſſing farre the greateſt learned wits,
To ſee how he at Gods right hand now ſits,
Triumphing ouer ſin, world, death and hell,
In ioyes eternall which no tongue can tell,

Miſerecordia.

Thrice euer bleſſed be his glorious name,
It was his mercy made him do the ſame.

Charitas. Then Charity much like the God of loue,
I meane no *Cupids* which to folly moue,
But that great ſpirit ere the world was made,
Vpon the waters through the deepe did wade,
Gen.1.2 By whom the Virgin happily conceiued,
Mat.1.18.20. To bring forth him that Iuſtice wrath appeaſed,
When afterwards by *Iordans* ſiluer ſides,
From *Libanon* to *Sodoms* lake that glides,
Along the plaines where Ieſus was baptiz'd,
Mat.3.15, 16, The holy Ghoſt in ſhape of Doue diſguiz'd,
17. Heauens windowes ope, thus ſpeaketh in their ſight,
This is my Sonne in whom I take delight.
When all was finiſh't, and to Heauen Chriſt went,
Then downe came he to giue vs all content:
Simile. As *Iuſtice, Mercy*, both with *Loue* are linck't,
So God is one, the Perſons three diſtinck't.

Iuſtitia. Theſe altogether as the heauens decree'd,
Miſericordia. The Tree of Life protect from *Adams* ſeede,
Charitas. The World it ſelfe with wonderment they fill,
Veritas. Their meate is knowne to do their fathers will,
Natura. Who all this while is with their ſiſter ſweete,
His eldeſt daughter as 'twas euer meete.
When *Time* had done, diſcharged full his due,
Aboue the clouds vp to the Heauens God flew,
Where he remaines leauing the world and all,
Which euer yet was knowne vpon this ball;
To the protection of that noble Dame,
That to the earth with loue her ſiſter came,
So well affected, labouring what ſhe can,
That all her care is but for ſinfull man,

Let

Let him his mind to goodneſſe alwayes bend,
And Nature euer is his louing friend.

Great God of Heauen, now is thy Iuſtice ſhowne,
Thy Loue and Mercy with thy Nature knowne,
Time hath thy Face and glorious browes vnmask't,
And thus at firſt my Rurall Muſe hath task't,
Heere brought forth Truth from her hath neuer ſturd:
Reueal'd the ſame wrapt in thy holy Word,
Of Paradiſe the ſacred curtaine drawne,
The Sabaoth ſhew'd, on no mans vice doth fawne,
Of all the world hath ſung the firſt beginning,
Told *Adams* faults, and *Eues* offenſiue ſinning,
Their ſeede defac't in breaking of thy lawes,
And heere Ile ſtay, and ſit me downe and pauſe.

The end of the firſt Age.

THE GLASSE OF TIME, IN THE SECOND AGE.

The Argument.

The ſacred Muſe *by enuious Foes is croſt,*
Adam *and* Eue *how each from other loſt,*
Their firſt borne ſonne by curſed malice led,
Unkindly wounds his deareſt Brother dead,
Apoſtacy *the cauſe of all this ill,*
The totall World on euery ſide doth fill;
With Bloud, Oppreſſion, Cruelty *and* Hate,
To waſte, conſume, and winde each others ſtate,
The Church *deriued from the third borne child,*
Is ſtained, polluted, with Caines *Race defilde,*
So that the World *and all therein was found,*
Beſides the Arke *were waſh't away and drown'd.*

1. VRania Soueraigne of the *Muſes* nine,
Inſpire my thoughts with *ſacred* worke diuine,
Come down from *Heauen*, within my Temples *Reſt*,
Inflame my *heart* and lodge within my *Breſt*.

Grant me the *ſtory* of this *World* to ſing,
The *Glaſſe* of *Time*, vpon the *Stage* to bring,
Be *Aye* within me by thy powerfull might,
Gouerne my *Pen*, direct my *ſpeech* aright,
Euen in the birth and infancy of *Time*,
To the laſt *Age*, ſeaſon my *holy* Rime:
Oh leade me on, into my *Soule* infuſe,
Diuineſt *Worke*, and ſtill be thou my *Muſe*,
That all the *World* may wonder and behold,
To ſee *Times* paſſe in *Ages* manifold,
And that their *wonder* may produce this end,
To liue in *loue* their future liues to mend.

Then ſhall thy *lookes* with ſacred luſter ſhine,
The *Muſes* all within thy Browes combine,
Richly adorn'd with all the *Nimphes* and *Graces*,
Shall ſound thy prayſe with louely pleaſing faces,
Ioying to ſee thy glorious *heauenly* hap,
The golden *Ball* caſt downe into thy lap;
To thy delight and great contentment more,
Then if the *World* were only thine in ſtore.

Though curſed *Enuy* on thy *Fortune* frowne,
Yet thy chaſt Browes ſhall weare heau'ns lawrel crowne,
In future *Ages* as the *Muſes* Queene,
Thy *Temples* wreath'd, ſhall euer flowriſh greene.
And what if *Hymen* ſomething doe annoy
Thy tender *Fruit*, yet ſhalt thou liue in ioy:
And when pale *death* ſhall cloſe vp both thine eyes,
Thy *fame* ſhall mount aboue the lofty skyes.

And yet *Vrania* how canſt thou be glad,
To ſee this *Age* wherein we liue ſo bad,

All

All ouergrowne far worse then at the first,
Bemir'd in sin, as if it were accurst,
Nothing but *blond, contention, Brides* and *brawles*,
The Serpent still vpon his belly crawles,
And round about on enery side doth winde,
With cunning *sleights* the Infants face to grinde.

Nay thou thy selfe, noble *Vrania* deere,
Since first thy landing and ariuall heere,
Hast thou not beene on euery side turmoyl'd,
Tost too and fro, by *Enny* ouertoyl'd?
Whose viprous tongue within a *sacred* place,
Hath belcht her *venome*, aim'd at thy disgrace;
Like to the Diuell in *Paradise* at first, Simile.
That banefull *poyson* in his *Breast* hath nurst,
To wrong thy person, weaken much thy *State*,
Enrich himselfe to satisfie his hate,
Tooke all aduantage working on thy *youth*,
Suggested *lies* instead of naked *truth*:
Lock't thee vp close (Immur'd) within a Wall,
When not a Groate was due to him at all;
But by the order of this noble *Land*,
He in that *place* for *debt* to thee should stand.

Great God of Heauen it makes me weepe and waile,
To see *Iniustice* oftentimes preuaile:
To domineere and catch into her hand,
When *Innocence* must at her *mercy* stand,
Then doth she squeese, wring, wrest extort and lureh,
When seldome times oppression comes at *Church*,
Deare friends perswasion once can ne're preuaile,
To worke a peace till all be set to saile,
Then *swallowes* all into a *griping* purse,
Not satisfied, *continues* ten times worse,

Vowing to *waſt* and *Ruine* all thy *ſtate*.
Oh curſed *malice* hatcht by *enuious* fate,
When thy falſe *heart* hath made the act thy worſt,
What art thou then more then a *beaſt* accurſt:
Nay farre more worſe, for thou muſt count at large,
For euery *ſoule* committed to thy charge,
If by thy *fault* the leaſt of them be loſt,
Thy *ſoule* in *hell* the price of it will coſt.

But yet my *Muſe*, vnfold to me the cauſe,
Why thou didſt fall into the *treacherous* pawes
Of hatefull *foes*, deuouring *Tigers* fierce,
Falſe hearted *friends* which in thy *ſtate* did pierce,
That thou ſhouldſt *thus* be toſt on euery ſide,
Compeld oft times to be from *home* and *ride*,
To ſee if *Enuy* with her *viperous* face,
Hath *poyſted* lies in ſacred *Iuſtice* place.

I know no *cauſe*, nor could I euer tell,
Why ſhe ſhould thus againſt thee alwayes ſwell,
Ier. 33.12, 10. *Winding* her ſelfe, her *mallice* beſt to ſmother,
11.13.14.15. Into the *habit* of thine elder *brother*.
16.17. One thou haſt *lou'd*, inough to make me doate,
To ſee *vice* lurke vnder a formall *coate*.
And thou thy ſelfe that yet didſt neuer hurt,
To harme a *childe*, or throw a *worme* i'th'durt,
Or take delight to *glory* in the fall
Of any one, much leſſe thy tongue to *gall*.
Bite, ſcandall, blurre, to *Iniury, defame*,
The worth of any in their *goods* or names
By wicked *wayes* the *Infants* face to grinde,
Nor in thy *hands* thy neighbors liuing wind,
But to thy *power* haſt ſhewd thy beſt endeauour,
To loue the *Saints* withall thy *heart* for euer.

Vrania

Vrania (deere) thy very case is mine,
How did my *Foes* still to this day combine,
Backe sliding *friends* (much like to *slippery* Eles)
Haue *undermind*, to turne vp both mine heeles:
With *fawning* tearmes my company haue sought,
Inuerted that (which yet) I neuer thought;
Reported *words*, the which were neuer spake:
Let euery man by this a *warning* take,
And carefull be *whom* they conuerse withall,
The *Bird* oft times in *Fowlers* nets doth fall:
Euen when (*Alas*) not any hurt she thinkes,
Then is she *caught*, vnder their burthen Sinkes.

How often times haue I bin tost and tir'd,
Plung'd in the *deepe* and all with *dust* bemir'd,
Tost *too* and *fro* by those in *Ambush* lay,
With secret *Gins* to trap me in my way,
Vow'd my *destruction*, all my *state* to baine:
Much to my *Trouble*, *Iniury*, and paine,
Swallow'd my *goods* within a griping *purse*,
Haue I not cause all *Romaine wolues* to curse,
When all I haue can scarcely giue content,
Vnlesse my *life* and *liuing* both be spent.
Were it for *debt* or title of my *Land*,
That thus my *foes* did in their *furie* stand:
If possibly they could me more *abuse*,
Yet in some sort I would then here *excuse*.

Deere *Muse*, the cause why I am thus perplext,
Turmoyld about on euery side and vext,
To waste my *state*, and passe through *dangers* many,
Is not for *wrong* that I haue done to any:
But by fel *Enny* hatcht in *hell* below,
In *Eden* nurc't, now ore the *Earth* doth flow.

When

When *Adam* least suspected her intent,
Then was her *mind* on mischiefe fully bent,
And euer since hath labour'd what she may,
Eues seede to baine her secret traps to lay:
But all the spight against me she can vse,
May waste my *State*, and hinder thee my *Muse*.

For this alone, by her I am misused,
Hurried about, by slandrous tongues abused,
Kept long from *home*, vnto my great expence,
Weakened my Lands and liuing euer since,
On all sides crost (by *Greatnesse*) ouerway'd,
By *guile* and *cunning* (treacherously) betray'd,
Of smooth fac't friends abandon'd and forsaken,
And all God knowes, but for a *Word* mistaken.

Nay had I beene sole *Author* of that thing,
Which some vntimely to my *hands* did bring,
And blaz'd it forth, why should I thus be blam'd,
When no man (*liuing*) in the same is nam'd,
Nor any scandall in those words alone,
Intended are but by a man i'th *Moone*,
Yet I turmoyl'd against all *right* and *reason*,
Am vs'd by some, as if it were *High Treason*.

Sacred *Religion* brought from *Heau'n* aboue,
Thou shouldst be constant, full of *Grace* and *Loue*,
From God (himselfe) thou hast a *holy* taske,
O let not *vice* (vnder a *Surplisse*) maske,
By this alone *Christs Flock* are scattred all,
O're all the *Earth*, in euery place do fall,
Some runne to *Rome* and some renounce their *Creede*,
And come againe, like to a *stinking* Weede,

Smile.

That

That beares a *Flower* a womans *Loue* to win,
But yet the ſeed *contagious* all within.

All powerfull *God*, when both by *Night* and *Day*,
Inceſſantly my *Heart* to thee did pray,
To eaſe my *Griefe*, and if it were thy will,
To ſend me *Peace* to walke vp *Sion hill*,
That in thy *Houſe* where all thy *Saints* do meet,
My *Soule* might ſing and offer *Odours* ſweet,
To heare thy *Word* come purling from the Rocke,
Feeding thy *Sheepe* and building vp thy *Flocke*,
Where none at *all* ſhould haue a cauſe to fall,
Chriſts *Coate* was wouen without a *Seame* at all: Simile.
In ſtead of *Peace* which I deſird in haſte,
Thou ſentſt me downe a *louely Virgin* chaſte,
Noble *Vrania* ſoberly attired,
Which when I ſaw, (with *Ioy*) I much admired,
Finding a *Friend* (copartner) thus to be,
A fit *Companion* in my miſerie,

Great God of *Heauen* vpon my bended knees,
Before that *Face* which euery actions *ſees*,
Let me but know what good I euer wrought,
That thou in *Mercy* thus on me haſt thought?
Or haue I not offended much thy will,
That thou my *Breſt* doſt with *Vrania* fill,
Sending her *Downe* as thou didſt ſend thy Son,
To *ſaue* thoſe *ſheepe* which from thy *Fould* did run.

Eternall God, what ſhall I giue to thee,
For thy great *Loue* and *Fauour* ſhewd to me?
If all the *World* within my power did ſtand,
And all therein were ſole at my command:

If all the waues within the *Seas* which boyle,
And all the *Riuers* on this *Earth* were oyle:
With all thoſe things that ere I did behold
Vnder *Heauens* Cope were fram'd of beaten gold,
In *Thankefulneſſe* for all thy *Mercies* ſweet,
Ide all *Surrender*, lay them at thy feet.

But ſoft my *Muſe*, whilſt thee and I am playning,
Ech others *griefes*, and ſtill but little gaining:
Time poſts away, as if it had forgot
What *Adam* did (after the *Gates* were ſhut)
In *Paradiſe*, I meane that *ſacred* dore,
Which in my *Worke* I told you of before.

Adam and *Eue* about the *gliſtring* walls
Of *Paradiſe*, with mournfull cryes and calls,
Repenting ſore, lamenting much their *Sin*,
Longing but once to come againe within,
In vaine long time about the wals did grope,
Not in *Diſpaire* as thoſe are out of hope:
But all about, in euery place did feele,
His louing *Wife* ſtill following at his heele,
To find the *Dore* with all their care and paine,
To come within, their former ſtate to gaine.

Simile. Like to a man that in a *Pallace* built
Of *Iaſper* ſtone, and couered rich with guilt,
One euery ſide lin'd with a golden wall,
And no *Towne* neare, nor any houſe at all,
In ſuch a place ſuppoſe one ſhould abide,
Be entertaind like to a *lonely* bride.
Yet in the night for ſome abuſe abſurd,
Perchance for drinke or ſome diſtaſtefull word.

If

If he ſhould be faſt by the ſhoulders caught,
Lead forth a dores and ſet by all at naught,
Haild all along (euen in the Euening late)
Betweene his foes, and thruſt quite out of gate,
In no place neere, hearing a *Dog* to barke,
All comfortleſſe wanders about i'th'darke:
Gropes euery where, if he can find a dore
And enter in, he will offend no more.

Or like a man that venters for a prize, *ſimile.*
Hoodwinckt, and made ſtarke blind in both his eyes,
Wheeles round about, in euery place doth reele,
At euery poſt and corner houſe doth feele,
To find the dore where he ſhould enter in,
With all his toyle his *Wager* for to win.

Euen ſo is *Adam* in that vncked place,
The flaming *Sword* ſtill blazing in his face;
On euery ſide the gliſtering walls to ſhine,
The *Sun* himſelfe iuſt vnderneath the *line*.
The radiant *Splendor* of thoſe *Cherubims*,
Dazles, amates, his tender eye ſight dims. *ſimile.*
Like to a man that gazeth at the *Sun*,
Is then vnfit, farre any way to run,
Leaſt whileſt his lookes aboue the *Clowds* he pitch,
He chance to *fall* and tumble in a ditch,

Such is the *ſtate* of *Adam* and his *Wife*,
And euery *Man* within this mortall life,
To wander, *Grope*, as in the darke be loſt,
And fartheſt off from that they ayme at moſt:
The *ſacred* luſter of Gods *Word* diuine,
The *Goſpels* truth which ore the *Earth* doth ſhine,

6. The *Son* of *Peace* (*Chriſt Ieſus*) being borne,
Whoſe glorious *Light* doth all the *World* adorne:
Haue made *Man* blind and *dazled* both his eyes,
To ſee that Ioy which in the *Scripture* lies.

7. When many dayes were paſt away and ſpent,
Finding at laſt they miſt of their intent:
And that their toyle and trauell to their paine,
Was fruſtrate quite, their labour ſtill in vaine:
Much diſcontented for their ſad miſhap,
Yet once againe vpon the walls they rap,
Then weepe and howle, lament, yearne, cry, and call,
But ſtill no helpe, nor anſwer had at all.
Perplext in mind, and dazled with the light,
With griefe and care, diſtempered in their ſight,
Amazed both iuſt as the wind them blew,
To *Paradiſe* they bad their laſt adew:
Like thoſe are *Moapt* with wandring hither, thither,
Simile. From thence they went, themſelues they knew not whither

7. The *Croſſes*, griefes, vexations, troubles, care,
Befell them after, with their hungry fare,
Stragling about, abiding in no place,
And *Diſcontent*, vpon their late diſgrace,
The angry *Heauens*, for many dayes that lowred,
The *ſable clouds* which ſulphury ſhowres downe powred:
The very *Earth* combining with them both,
Strange hideous *ſights*, of irkeſome *Lights* vncouth,
The *Elements*, as all together bent,
Againſt mans *Sin*, themſelues in ſunderrent.
The *Sunne* aſham'd, the inconſtant angry *Moone*
Began to wane, ſending a *Night* at *Noone*,
Surcharg'd with *Sorrowes*, no where now to reſt:
Their griefes more great, then can be well expreſt.

The

The diſcontent ſome ſay which *Adam* found,
Being expulſt out of that *holy* Ground,
By *Eues* foule error to be thus diſgra'ſte,
Made *Him*, the *World*, his *Wife*, and *all* diſtaſte:
And like a *Hermit* in his wandring weedes,
On little elſe but griefe and ſorrow feedes,
Repentant thoughts are harbour'd in his *breſt*,
His *Mind* impatient, finds no place to reſt,
But to the *Eaſt* from *Paradiſe* doth run,
Towards the riſing of the morning *Sun*.

Comment. in Cabaliſt vidt Reuch. lib. 1.

Simile.

Heere, heere (*Alas*) his tender dazled ſight,
With the great ſplendor of that glorious *light*,
Whoſe matchleſſe *grace* when vp to *Heauen* it enters,
Much like a *Queene* forth from her Chamber venters,
Climes vp the *Skies*, and tramples on the *Aire*,
With cheerefull lookes in glittring *Robes* moſt faire,
Prances about, in no place long it bides,
Vlewes all the *World* on euery ſide it rides,
The radiant *Rayes* which ſparkled in his face,
Made *Adam* thinke that *God* was in that place.

Simile.

With this conceit, he tarries in no coaſt,
But on he goes, and all in haſt doth poaſt,
Ore *Hill*, and *Dale*, with toyle, vexation, paine,
Like *Siciphus*, that labours ſtill in vaine,
To roule a ſtone againſt a monſtrous *Mount*,
His griefe more great then any man can count,
Finds to his coſt his trauell to no end,
His weary *works* all to no purpoſe tend:
So on he runs, on nothing elſe doth dreame,
Vntill he came at *Ganges* watry ſtreame,
And as before, ore many a little Riuer,
He made a way vp to his *Heart* and *Liuer*,

So in this *ſtreame*, hoping the ſame to win,
He enters bold, and wades vp to his chin.

Heere is a *Barre* in *ſuperſtions* way,
Too deepe a *rubbe* to make his fury ſtay,
For all his haſt he can no further paſſe,
By *Ganges* coaſt, like to a *Wall* of braſſe,
simile. Where he is forſt, to try his vtmoſt skill,
Againſt the *ſtreame*, he ſtriues and labours ſtill:
Vntill by *Practiſe* with his actiue limbs,
A *Mile* or two vpon the *waues* he ſwims,
But yet too farre in abſence of his *Wife*,
May breede a *skarre* and hazard ſo his *life*.

Thus diſcontented, with that watry wall,
The griefe conceiued of his diſmall fall;
The loſſe of her that late before he loſt,
When as he thought to paſſe to God in poſt,
Himſelfe alone bewayling of his *ſins*,
To true *Repentance* faithfully begins:
And as ſome ſay did *Circumcize* himſelfe,
Waſht all his *Skin*, (bemir'd) in durty pelfe,
Forſakes the *World*, for certaine dayes did ſtand,
Within the ſtreame, and neuer came at land,
Vntill his fleſh from top to toe was ſeene,
With *cold* and *froath*, all ouergrowne with greene.

Then God which late vpon his fault did frowne,
Now ſmiles againe, and ſendeth *Raziel* downe,
One of the three in ſacred *Roabes* of *Light*,
That euer ſtand before the moſt of might,
Since *Sathiel* one of their number fell,
From higheſt *Heauens* vnto the loweſt *Hell*,

Michael,

Michael, Gabriel, this *Raziel* ſtood,
Still to this day the ſole *Archangels* good.

1. This noble *Angell* brings thoſe tidings glad,
And cheeres the *Man* to be no more ſo ſad,
Tells him that *God* is not with him offended,
But with the *Diuell* which firſt his *Reaſon blinded*,
That his *Repentance* purchaſt hath his peace,
From further *Penuance* wil'd him to ſurceaſe,
Although of *Sin* he hath beene *once* detected,
Yet his *good will* was in the *Heauens* accepted,
Bad him goe ſeeke and comfort vp his *Wife*,
People the *World* and liue a ioyfull *Life*.

2. The *Meſſenger* that from the *Heauens* deſcended,
To bring theſe *tidings* vp againe Aſcended,
Like to a *flame* of pure celeſtiall *light*,
So *vaniſht* he from earthly *Adams* ſight,
Yet ſome do thinke he tarried in thoſe parts,
And taught the man the liberall learned Arts:
Was his *Companion* as a friendly guide,
That euer kept by *Adams* fearefull ſide,
When he went ſeeking to his care and paine,
With extreme toyle to find his *Wife* againe,
For many yeeres within the *ſtreame* did ſtand,
Whilſt *Eue* was wandring in the *Nubian* Land,
His faithfull *Angell*, in all ſtormes and weather,
Vntill ſuch time he brought them both together.

simile.

Iewes and Turkes.

3. At *Araffe* hill within *Arabia* ground,
This was the place where *Eue* her husband found,
Heere at this *Mount* they both together met,
And each with (Ioy) their louely *eyes* did wet,

With

With ſuch a ſhower of pearely chriſtall teares,
Diſtil'd in *Loues* pure *Limbeck*, full of feares,
That one the other finally had miſt,
Heere once againe they ſmile, imbrace and *kiſſ*.

Still to this day the reuerent feare and awe,
Of thoſe which yet the *Mount* haue euer ſaw,
The great reſpect that *Superſtition* wins,
'Mongſt men *deuout* in pardon of their *ſins*;
The *Worlds* conceit by *Mahomet* late nurſt,
That *Eue* and *Adam* heere repenting firſt,
Found *Peace* with *God* vnto their *ſoules* content,
Built them a *Houſe* in which their *liues* they ſpent,
Hath made the *Hill* admired to this day,
For *Turkiſh* Pilgrims euer more to pray,
The *ſacred* Skirtes with goodly plaines are wal'd,
And at this day the *Mount* of *Pardons* cal'd.

No leſſe admir'd is that Renowned ſtreame,
By *Bengala* which makes all *Aſia* dreame,
And fills the *World* with ſuperſtious *guile*,
From Eaſterne *India* to th' *Atlantike* Ile

Braue *Ganges* floud how dooſt thou draw together?
Fierce warlike *Nations* muſtring hether thether,
Captiu'ſt them all fettred within thy bankes,
To wade within thee, yeeld thee humble thankes,
For ſtaying *Adam* in thy ſiluerd floud,
When he neglected all his future bloud,
Loſt wilfully his neereſt deereſt wife,
Careleſſe of all endangring much his life.

Confutation of the former opinion.

This may be true, and yet I cannot thinke,
That thoſe whom God in *Paradiſe* did linke,

Brought

Brought them together by his powerfull might,
Should thus be parted each from others ſight,
Eue in the South, by fearefull *Negro* Land,
Adam i'th Eaſt, on *Ganges* goodly ſtrand,
Betweene both theſe a wondrous weary ſpace,
For two to trauell in ſo poore a caſe:
Vnſhod, all bare, mongſt horrid thunder dints,
Through woods to walke vpon the thornes and flints:
He in a *maze*, not knowing where to find
His louing *Wife*: like to a man ſtarke blind, Simile.
Toyles out himſelfe for that he neuer ſaw,
To find a *needle* in a heape of ſtraw;
She all alone wandring ſhe knew not whether,
Blowne euery where much like vnto a Feather, simile,
Inconſtant light (and wauering) apt to vexe,
As is the *Nature* of her *timerous* ſexe.

It is not like in all mens *Iudgement* ſound,
They *rambled* farre from *Edens* fruitfull ground,
Or that but two ſo kind and tender hearted,
In all their liues ſhould for a yeare be parted:
Beſides the *opinion* of the learned wits,
Graue *ancient* fathers euermore that ſits,
Reuoluing of the higheſt deepeſt works,
That in Gods *Booke* diuinely lies and lurkes:
The ſacred *ſtories* of all *Ages* paſt,
Which euermore eternally ſhall laſt,
Haue made it cleere for euery man to tell,
That in this place our Parents both did dwell,
Liu'd long *ſecure*, about the *Garden* kept,
Ioy'd with the ſight, yet for their fall they wept,
Though they were barred to come againe within,
By *reaſon* of their fowle contagious ſin,

Yet they deſir'd for all their paſt diſgrace,
But for to liue neere to that *louely* place.

Heere firſt with *boughs*, and ſuch like broken ſtuffe,
They built a *Houſe*, vnder a ſimple Ruffe,
Then like a couple that but late did wed,
With *Pelts* and *leaues*, they make a homely *Bed*,
Where they enioy'd more pleaſure, true content,
Then in the *Courts* of greateſt *Kings* are ſpent:
Himſelfe all naked in a *Sheepes* skin curl'd,
The ſole *Commander* of this totall *World*,
Is glad to worke to paſſe his time in peace,
To ſerue his God from further ſin to ceaſe.

Thus ouer-ioyd, vpon a time it fell,
The *circumſtance* I muſt forbeare to tell,
Playing with *Eue* within that ſhady bowre,
And in his *armes* his louelieſt ſweeteſt flowre,
Embracing, toying, ſmiling, kiſſing ſweete,
The ſports moſt chaſte vnto a *Sponſe* bed meete,
Thinking the time he had with her beguil'd,
Forgets himſelfe, and ſhe conceiues with child.

Strange is the change ſhe in her ſelfe doth find,
An extreme Paſſion working in her mind,
Longing oft-times ſome *ſops* in Tarre to lick,
Her bodies altred, and her ſtomack ſick,
Black vgly *Berries*, fulſome vnripe *Plums*,
And euery thing that in her way next comes,
The goodly fruits which are within the walls,
Of *Paradiſe*, ſhe to her husband calls,
Deſires, intreates him, as he loues his *Wife*,
Forth with to haſt, and fetch to ſaue her life.

Full

f. Full forty weekes ſhe liued in this caſe,
Feeding on toyes and greeneſt drugs moſt baſe,
On Durt and Traſh, on Aſhes, Hips and Hawes,
She finds ſhees ill, and yet ſhe knowes no cauſe,
At length it fell whilſt he was forth of dores,
Chaſing the *Deere*, hunting the furious *Bores*,
To get ſome *Veniſon*, or ſuch dainty diſh,
To ſatisfie his *Wiues* deſired wiſh:
Like *Hercules* that in a ſtrange diſguize, *Simile.*
Retired home with ſuch a welcome prize,
Findes his deare *Darling* full of mirth and ioy,
And in her *armes* a goodly infant Boy. *Cain borne.*

l. Th'*Admiration*, wondrous great content,
To ſee a *Child* thus fortunately ſent,
Sweete liuing *Picture* module of himſelfe,
The *World* and all he now eſteemes as pelfe,
With *Ioy* o're cloyd, vpon the face doth gaze:
Like to a man aſtoniſht in amaze, *Simile.*
All mute he ſtands not knowing what to thinke,
No *Reaſon* yet, into his head can ſinke,
How it can be *conceiued* in the breſt,
Of *Eue* (ſweete woman) whom he loued beſt.

k. When once reuiu'd out of that pleaſing trance,
The tender *Babe* he in his *armes* doth dance,
Smiles on his face and queſtions with his *Wife*,
How firſt twas ſent thus to prolong his life;
The *Child* ſhe ſaid, to her immortall *fame*,
She knew not well how firſt to her it came,
But that ſhe thought although her *ſence* was weake,
This was the *Seed* the *Serpents head ſhould breake*,
Tould him in words and gentle ſpeeches mild,
That by the Lord ſhe had conceiu'd that Child. Gen. 4. 1.

True are thy *words* deere *Eue*, moſt true thy heart,
Why ſhould a *Man* thy meaning *pure* Inuert,
It cannot ſinke into thy *ſacred* thought,
How of thy ſelfe an *Infant* thou haſt brought,
As well might *Adam* in thy *ſences* ſeeme,
To beare a *Chi'd*, for ought that thou canſt deeme,
When of the *World* twas in the early morne,
And the firſt *Babe* that euer yet was borne,

Renegado proſelites.

How damn'd prophane are thoſe accurſed *lipt*,
Which in *Gods Church* ſhall make ſuch dangerous ſlips,
Within the ſame to *belch* to thy diſgrace,
Euen in a *ſacred* and moſt publike place,
Behinde thy *back* when thou art *dead* and paſt,
And canſt not anſwere what their mouth out caſt,
Thus to *be lye* mens *ſoules* to *ſin* allure,
Wreſting thy *ſpeech* with banefull breath impure:
Not terrifide with *Heauens* all threatning *Rod*,
But dares to teach (that thou didſt ſweare by *God*
Thou hadſt a *Child*) and oftentimes to ſpeake it,
Ifit were true, vnto the *world* to breake it,
Is worſe then was that *Serpent* damn'd accurſt,
In *Paradiſe* which wrong'd thy *Perſon* firſt.

Gen. 4. 1.

Simile.

Ah thus we ſee the curſed enuious *Snake*,
That ſleepes to *goodneſſe*, but to *euill* doth wake,
To lurke all cloſe vnder the ſweeteſt *flowre*,
When Goddeſſe *Flora* all her pride doth powre,
Vpon the *Earth* within the midſt of *May*,
To ſuck fell *poyſon* from the holeſom'ſt gay,
When the *deere* painefull wiſe laborious *Bee*,
Ten thouſand wayes about *heauens* bloſſoms flee,
On euery *flower* within the *Garden* ſits,
And out from them the *wax* and *honey* gets,

Con-

Conueyes it ſafely to her well wrought Hiue,
To pleaſure *Friends*, and keepe her ſelfe aliue.

Let *Serpent ſnake*, and all the *viperous* ſeede
That euer *Enuy* in her *wombe* did breede,
Hacht in the *Bowells* of th'infernall vault,
Where none but *Diuels* and damned *Atheiſts* hault:
Twixt *God* and *Belial* ſtill thy *ſpeech* oppoſe,
Yet ſhall thy *words* ſmell as the fragrant Roſe:
Or like thoſe *Flowers* in *Paradiſe* were plaunted
By *God* himſelfe, when he the *Garden* haunted. Simile.

Deare *Eue*, thy *worth* I euer muſt admire,
Thou ſitſt aboue within the *Angels* Quire,
Tuning thy voyce vnto their *ſacred* layes,
To ſound forth *Glory* to the *Prince* of prayſe.
Like Gods owne *Daughter* (whom he loues moſt deare) Simile.
Warbling ſweet *Muſicke* in th'*Almighties* eare,
Or that pale *Virgin* with her *glimmering* lampe,
That *lights* the *world* vnder *heauens* ſtarry Campe,
The *Vertues* which within thy *breſt* were bred,
Shall neare be ſtaind by any *viperous* head,
So long as *Fame* can ſound thy glorious worth,
Chaſt Paragon, the richeſt *Iem* on *Earth*.

Take all the *Ladies* breathing on this *Ball*,
The ſweeteſt fac't, the *nobleſt* borne, and all
The famous *Queenes* and *Monarchs* of the *World*,
Which on the *wheele* of *Fortune* haue beene hurld,
That euer liu'd vpon this *earthly* frame:
Now gone and paſt too *infinite* to name,
The *ſaints* themſelues and all the *bleſſed* troope,
Thoſe that now liue within *heauens* burniſht hoope:

Though thou art blam'd as *Author* of their fall,
Yet art thou ſtill the mother to them all.

Pſal. 128. 3. Like to the *Vine* ſo is thy fruitfull *Wombe*,
ſimile. Thy *ſpeech* more ſweet then is the *honey combe*:
Thy *Breath* all pure, which from thy *lips* comes out,
Thy *Browes* impalde with *Chaſtneſſe* round about:
From thee at firſt were *peopled* euery land,
ſimile. Like *Oliue Plants* thy tender *Infants* ſtand
About thy *Table*, in a ſeemely ſort,
To *ouer-ioy* and make thee *gladſome* ſport.

But why ſhould I *runne* farther in thy *praiſe*,
Vpon *Fames wings* thy liuing *name* to raiſe,
Blazing thy parts, maintaining of thee ſtill,
And fowle detraction aymes to worke thy ill.
Aye to deface thy modeſt ſpeeches pure,
With ſcandals vile, for euer to endure:
When as thy worth exceeds the learnedſt thought,
That by thy meanes into the world is brought,
And ſtill the *Truth* conuinceth brings to light,
1. Cor. 3. 12. The actions falſe, obſcurd, in enuyes night,
Diſſolues to naught the morter made of clay,
The buildings fram'd of ſtubble, traſh, and hay,
The good from bad, the *ſheepe* from *wolues* doth ſeuer,
And brands the diuell in his falſe tongue for euer.

And yet we ſee, the ſacred *Truth* not free
ſimile. From viperous tongues, gnawne in the worſt degree,
Taxt oftentimes, and ſqueeſed like a Spunge,
By *Romiſh Tygers* at her ſides that hunge,
Inuerting, ſtretching, conſtruing all her words,
With error, falſhood, damned wayes and girds.

Chaſte

Chaſte vertuous *Eue*, now ſhe is paſt and dead,
The *Serpents ſeed* muſt breake the *Womans ſeed*.

But in the heauens th'eternall God of powre,
At *Iuſtice* barre will on their faces lowre;
And on their heads thunder his iudgements downe,
When *Eue* ſhall ſtand adorned with a Crowne:
Then ſhall their actions in his dradfull ire,
Be purged all, and tride as gold i'th fire.
The wickeds words their enuious tong hath ſpake,
To her diſgrace, ſhall make them yearne and quake:
And in the end the ſword ſhall iuſt diuide,
The good from thoſe which haue her worth belide,
Whoſe feet ſhall totter on hels fatall wheele,
And headlong downe to damned diuels ſhall reele:
Whilſt *Eue* ſhall ſit triumphant on the skies,
Viewing their fall, hearing their moanes and cryes,
Ioying to ſee the ſacred *Truth* preuaile,
Her meaning clear'd, her foes to weepe and waile.

And yet deare *Eue* I muſt not leaue thee there,
But bring thee downe, more children for to beare:
If but with one thou hadſt begun and ended,
Yet had the *World* beene by thy meanes befriended.
But to repleniſh with thy fruitfull ſpawne,
From *Sols* firſt riſing where his teame doth dawne,
The totall earth on euery ſide and round,
Here is a loue the like was neuer found,
Within the breſt of any woman kind,
Our thoughts, hearts, actions, all our zeale to bind,
In true deuotion to thy reuerent name,
Much to admire ſo ſweet a noble *Dame*,

When

When thy firſt child into the world was borne,
Straight he began to take delight in Corne,
In large poſſeſſions working vp the ſoyle,
Neare *Paradiſe* with painfull labour toyle,
Tilling the ground, and planting of the graine,
His name thereby was fitly, called *Cain*.

Whilſt thou againe conceiu'ſt a ſecond child,
A ſweet borne babe of countenance more mild:
And after that, about ſome threeſcore more
Of ſons and daughters which thy body bore,
All nurſt by thee after their timely birth,
To fill the world, and people all the earth.

Thus with thy husband (in that arbour'd Tent)
Thou ſpentſt thy dayes in wondrous great content,
In true Religion, Sacrifices, Rites,
Such as thy heart vnto thy God indites,
Ioying in him, and he againe in thee,
The ſweeteſt life that euer eye could ſee,
When as together in your children ſmall,
You trayne them vp on *Edens* God to call:
And teach them yong by your owne ſteps allure,
Them to all good, chaſte, honeſt actions, pure,
The golden ground, the heauenly ſtarre, and guide,
From which but few do euer after ſlide.

Happy, thrice happy are thoſe children borne,
A crowne of Glory ſhall their browes adorne,
Whoſe infant yeares are by their parents firſt,
With the pure milke of true Religion nurſt:
In riper dayes when bluſtring blaſts aſſaile,
The mountaines high, that ouertops the dale,
Their Faith ſtands firme as fixt, vpon a Rocke,
Not eaſly ſtird by euery wauing ſhocke:

But

But conſtant bides, moſt permanent and ſure,
The aſſaults of *Sathan* ſtrongly to endure.

In Elder *Time* when *Age* doth threaten death
At lateſt gaſpe, euen when our vitall breath
Begins to faile, in haſtning on our end;
And kinſfolks, friends vpon vs all attend,
With ſad lamenting, diſcontented eyes,
To ſee our *Soule* how vp to heauen it flies,
Forſakes the *Earth*, willing the world to loſe,
Incombred with a thouſand cares and woes,
That in this life dayly attend the ſheepe,
Vntill with *Chriſt* aboue the clouds they keepe.
O then the comfort, ſweet delight and ioyes,
When all things elſe ſeems to their ſenſe but toyes.
There the good *ſhepheard* in his armes embraceth,
All thoſe that loue him, wondrouſly he graceth,
With this kinde welcome, *Come ye bleſſed Soules,*
Come drinke the *Nectar* kept in Chriſtall bowles,
Eate this *Ambroſia* as a ſacred token,
That for thy ſin my body once was broken:
Receiue *heauens* crowne th'eternall kingdome kept,
For all thoſe (*Saints*) which from the world haue ſlept.

But ſoft my *Muſe*, what makſt thou now aboue
Out of this *world*, thus on a ſudden moue
Adam to leaue his fruitfull wife, and all
His pleaſures, ioyes, and both his children ſmall,
Euen in the ſpring and glory of their birth,
Weary of all, thus to forſake the *Earth*,
As if thou tookſt more pleaſure, true delight
Within the *heauens*, then in their ſinfull ſight.

Stay yet awhile, and as thou haſt begun,
So to the end thy courſe directly run:
Leaue them not thus; O do not now ſurceaſe,
Till thou haſt brought them to their *graues* in Peace:
Shew all their *liues*, the chiefe of euery thing,
Their Croſſes, Griefes, do thou (*diuinely*) ſing,
But yet (at firſt) tell how in *loning* ſort,
The *Brothers* liu'd, and made their *Parents* ſport.

Thoſe that long time without a *childe* haue beene,
And neuer *iſſue* of their *owne* haue ſeene,
But without kindred, friends, and *thoſe* which may
With ſome *content* ſucceed at *latter* day.
If theſe (I ſay) when *leaſt* of all they thought,
Should *children* haue ſo *fortunately* brought,
To prittle, prattle euery word by chance,
And vp and downe about the *houſe* to dance:
With many *toyes* that in their *minor* yeares
Giues great *content*, the *Parents lone* endeares.
Let theſe men ſpeake, but with a *Iudgement* ſound,
What high *content* themſelues haue often found,
In the like *ſports* of tender *Infants* ſweet,
That hardly, yet can crawle vpon their feet;
The ſame we may of *Eue* and *Adam* thinke,
And ten times more then in our *heads* can ſinke,
How in their *Babes* they ioyd and tooke *delight*,
And neuer well when they were out of *ſight*.

Caine in the *bloſſoms* of his blooming *youth*,
As tis recorded in the ſacred *truth*,
Takes much delight in planting of the ſeeds,
The fruitfull *Vine*, and all that *Nature* breeds,
The choyceſt, rareſt, daintieſt, and the beſt
That euer yet ſhe bare vpon her breſt,

Walks

Walkes all about, and viewes the richeſt ground,
By *Paradiſe* on euery ſide and round,
With ſhou'ls and ſpades he tumbles vp the *earth*,
His chiefeſt ayme to be a man of *worth*,
And *Lord* it ore his other *brethren* all,
That they may *bowe*, within his *preſence* fall:
To that intent he *labours*, *workes* and toyles,
In ſweate and duſt, i'th' durt (oft times) he moyles,
Like a meere *worldling* ſpends his *youthfull* dayes,
His *minde* (oft runs) a *thouſand* kinde of wayes:
If he can finde ſome *new* contriued tricke,
To *eaſe* himſelfe, the *ſoyle* vp cleane to ſtricke,
And bring the ſame in *temper* for the *graine*,
That he may *play* and yet poſſeſſe the *gaine*.

Induſtry, *Reaſon*, all the *Arts* conſpire,
To frame an *Engin* fierceſt *horſe* to tire;
The Oxen, Cattle, and the ſtrongeſt Waines
That euer *wrought* vpon the fertill *plaines*:
Himſelfe and *all* (in labouring with) this *plough*,
His *ioynts* grow *ſtiffe*, and brawny hands all rough,
Yet in the ſame he finds ſo much *content*,
That his *beſt dayes* in this hard *worke* are *ſpent*.

His brother *Habell* doth not idly liue,
But to ſome *Art* his toward mind doth giue,
Whoſe chiefe *delight* is in the harmeleſſe *ſheepe*,
The bleating flockes vpon the *downes* to keepe,
To follow them when *oftentimes* his eyes
Are vpwards *fixt* towards the *lofty skies*,
Obſeruing thus a *thouſand* ſeuerall things,
That *heauenly* matter to his *fancies* brings,
Their *number*, *Order* with their great *encreaſe*,
And *quiet life*, ſpending their dayes in *peace*,

By *faith* perceiuing hidden *myſteries,*
Iſa. 53. 67. The *ſum* of that which in the *Scripture* lies:
How from the *fould* a *Lambe* ſhall forth be taken,
Which would be one day of the *reſt* forſaken,
That he ſhould be the *ſacrifice* and *guide,*
Sole *Ranſome full* for all the world beſide.

1. Thus theſe two *brothers* liu'd, and ſpent their dayes
Oft times in *worke,* ſometimes in *ſport* and *playes:*
In as much loue, delight, content and all,
As euer *two* that breath'd vpon this *Ball.*
If you ſhould ramble ore the totall *Earth,*
Youle hardly finde two *brethren* from their birth,
Throughout the world in all the *Ages* ſpent,
In true bred *Loue* an euener courſe that went,
At Bed, at Boord, at Home, abrode i'th' weather,
They ſeldome *part* but alwayes *keepe* together:
Walke, talke, diſcourſe, euen all the day and night,
They are not *well* but one i'th' others *ſight.*

2. All the weeke long delightfully they paſſe
The *time* away in browzing vp the graſſe,
In *husbandrie* and ſuch as I haue told,
But on Gods *Reſt* pins them within a fold,
Or ground well fenc't on euery ſide about,
That they may feed, but yet not wander out:

3. Vpon which *Day,* when once out of their *bed,*
By the *example* of their *Parents* led,
They altogether meete, to *Reſt* and *Pray,*
To ſanctifie the ſacred *Sabaoth* day,
To thinke on *God,* craue pardon for their *ſins,*
Where *Adam* then to teach them all begins,

In-

Inſtructs them well in true Religion firſt,
Tels them the cauſe which made them thus accurſt,
To vſe their wits, to labour worke and toyle,
In the wide fields to ſpend their dayes and moyle,
To keepe the ſheepe and by their cunning ſleight,
To frame an Engine of ſuch wondrous weight,
Whereas God knowes before their fearefull fall,
In *Paradiſe* they needed none at all,
Wils them to loue intirely, void of ſtrife,
The Heauenly way vnto the *Tree of Life.*

This is their worke and holy practiſe pure,
Sweete exerciſe for euer to endure,
Thus they continue running of their race,
Whilſt ſhearing day and Harueſt comes apace,
Then they beſtir them; toyle it out all day,
Inning their corne making the new Mowne Hay,
And in the end they altogether feaſt,
So giue God thanks, and from their labour Reſt:
When the next Sabaoth clad in ſeemely ſuites,
They Sacrifice the firſt of both their fruits,
In ſhew of thanks for all the plenteous ſtore,
That flocks and fields to their content hath bore.

Habell begins to ſhew his gratefull mind,
Seekes all the flock the chiefeſt Lambs to find,
The firſt falne fruits, the goodlieſt fat and faire,
That all the World cannot with them compare,
The golden prize that *Iaſon* brought to *Greece*,
From *Colchis* He was not ſo fine a fleece,
As each of theſe vpon their backs did bring,
To feede and cloath in Earth the greateſt King.

He brings them freely with a willing heart,
Euen glad with them and all the reſt to part,
And layes them downe before the God of might,
Both in his fathers and his brothers ſight,
Offring them vp a *ſacrifice* moſt pure,
Vnſpotted cleane his ſinfull ſoule to cure,
Implores *th'eternall* praying euer ſtill,
For to be pleas'd thus to accept his will,
As a meere figure and a (*ſacred*) Tipe,
Of that deare *Lamb* whoſe bloud away ſhall wipe,
The ſcarlet ſinnes that in the Earth ſhall flowe,
With *Iſop* waſh, clenſe them as white as Snow.

The Prayers, ſpeeches, heauenly gratefull words,
The inward heart and meaning all accords,
The aſcending ſauour, ſweete perfuming ſcent,
With that pure *Lambe* which in the ſame is meant:
Climes vp the Aire and mounts to God aboue,
An Offring free, (accepted) full of *Loue*,
Which thing to ſhew that he was partly pleaz'd,
His anger paſt, and all his wrath appeaz'd,
Iuſt at that inſtant downe from *Heauen* did ſhine,
A burning fire and ſacred light (diuine)
Which in their ſight conuey'd the *Sacrifice*,
Of from the Earth, vp to the lofty skyes,
"*When preſently a voyce was downeward caſt*,
"*This I accept for thine offences paſt.*

Caine more for ſhew then either Loue or zeale,
To God, Religion or his owne ſoules weale,
Stands by beholding of the ſacred light,
And voyce (diuine) downe from the *Prince* of might,
Expecting that his formall ſacrifice,
Stuft with all *Guile*, *Hippocriſie* and *Lyes*,

An-

Ambition, *Pride*, baſe *Coueton ſneſſe* accurſt,
Yet thought his gift ſhould be accepted firſt,
As comming from the eldeſt firſt borne Peere,
The Son and Heire, whom *Adam* loued deere.

Meduſa (damn'd) in foule black vgly cloathes,
That all the world moſt deadly hates and loathes,
Swolne (like a *Toade*) her lookes caſt downe to hell,
Where none but fiends, and hatefull monſters dwell,
Whoſe curſed haire about her ſhoulders falls,
Powdred with *Serpents* full of poyſoned *Galls*,
Hiſſing and crawling round about her head,
Hatcht by a *Viper* in her wombe that bred,
Rends vp the *Earth* aſcendeth like a *Ghoſt*,
Conueyes her ſelfe into the promiſt coaſt,
By *Paradiſe* where *Caine* was ſacrificing,
Some of his corne his double heart diſguiſing,

Wat-

Watches the *Time* when as she thought most best,
And windes her close in his dissembling brest.

No sooner she was in his heart acquainted,
But his best bloud was with her venome tainted,
His vaines swolne vp and all his body puft,
His *Head*, *Heart*, *Lungs* (infectuously) were stuft,
With *Enuy*, *Malice*, *Wrath* and deadly *Rage*,
Nothing could now his stomack fell asswage,
Finding no ease, his countenance falls downe,
His cankred mind discerned by his frowne,
Now Father, Mother, Brother, none he brookes,
That *Heauen* it selfe takes notice of his lookes.

Since first the light from darkenesse was discouered,
Or that the Clouds within the *Aire* haue houered,
The *Heauens* and *Earth*, the *Sea* and all begun,
And *Phaeton* his endlesse Race hath run,
About the World in twice twelue howers right,
Or siluer *Cinthia* shew'd her pale fac't light,
Neuer was seene a more delightfull day,
The glittring Sunne in burnish't bright aray,
Nor Heauen (it selfe) more pleasing euer smil'de,
Then when the brothers on *Loues* Alter pilde,
The *Sacrifice* before their *Fathers* face,
To God aboue within that holy place.

But when *Medusa* from Hells deepest vaults,
Began but once to spy mans secret faults,
And from her Den in darke Obliuion pent,
The bowels of her Mother *Earth* had rent,
To come aloft into the open *Ayre*,
With her foule breath, infectious poysoned haire,
And Rags (most base) as late before I told,
To seate her selfe in *Caines* securest hold.

Then

Then *Heauen* and *Earth*, and all began to change,
The winged clouds about this *Ball* to range,
The burning lampes within the firmament,
Seem'd for to winke as if their oyle were ſpent,
The glorious *Sun* to hide his gliſtring face,
Aſham'd of *Enuy* in a *ſacred place*:
And all at once moſt fearefully to lowre,
To threaten tempeſts or ſome ſudden ſhowre,
When inſtantly on *Caines* diſſembling head,
A ſable cloud from all the reſt out ſhed,
Began to ſtand himſelfe and all iuſt vnder,
Hearing this voyce out from a dreadfull thunder.

" Falſe *Hippocrite*, how canſt thou ſimulize,
" Before my face thy actions fowle diſguize,
" To thinke that I which all the *World* adorne,
" Would thus be fed with riffe raffe of thy *Corne*,
" Or yet in *bloud* to ſatiate my ſelfe,
" To liue as thou by baſe and *Earthly* pelfe,
" And not conceiue that *Holy* thing is ment,
" Within the ſame which giues me full content?
" Why is thy *Soule* thus peſtred with a ſore,
" Ranckled, beſpaked, like a rotten core,
" Thy conſcience, deedes, falſe *enuious* mind ſo bad,
" Thy lookes caſt downe, and countenance ſo ſad?
" Doſt thou not know that if thy heart be right,
" Thy actions good and pleaſing in my ſight,
" That thou ſhalt be accepted beſt and more,
" That otherwiſe *ſin* lyeth at thy dore?

" Think on my *Words*, halt not within my ſight,
" I am that God which brings the *Truth* to light
" Amend thy life, at curſed *Enuy* hiſſe,
" *Repent* thy ſelfe of what is done amiſſe,

Gen. 4. 6. 7.

Simile.

" Let her not once be harbourd in thy breſt,
" Nor in thy *Heart* her baneſull *poyſon* reſt,
" Redeeme the *Time*, behold the lofty skyes,
" Where *Loue* and *Mercy* for offences lyes.
" One comfort more then thou deſeru'ſt I giue,
" Thy Brother yet ſhall at thy ſeruice liue:
" Thou like a *Lord* ſhalt ouer-rule him ſtill,
" And his deſire according to thy will,
" Shall ſubiect be, deuoted euer ſtand,
" To run and goe with (Ioy) at thy command,
" But yet take heede, do not too high aſpire,
Caueat. " Goe (ſinne no more) and *adde no coles to fire.*

The *Heauenly* voyce down from the Clouds deſcending,
In theſe ſad words ſweetely *diuinely* ending,
The day cleer'd vp, and *Sol* began againe,
To ſhew his face vpon the *ſacred* Plaine:
The *Aire* all ſtill, the lofty *Winds* quight calme,
Adam and *Abell* ſinging of a *Pſalme*;
Caines ſacrifize alone vpon the ground,
Vntouch't at all ſtill to their view they found,
Whereat (with Ioy) to ſee the God of powre,
To ſmile on one, and on the other lowre:
To vaile his face vnto their ſinfull ſight,
Hearing his *voyce* out from the dradfull light:
Home they depart in wonderment and peace,
Minding a while from further worke to ceaſe:
Whilſt *Caine* alone retireth diſcontent,
Forſakes his God, and to the field he went,
Firſt Apoſtacy in Caine. His enuious *mind* ſtill runs on his diſgrace,
Falſe to be found before his fathers face,

All working *Power*, deepe ſearcher of the Reines,
Diſcerner of the inward heart and Veines,

What

What ſecret Art can from thy ſight be hid?
Thine *Eye* ſtill ſaw what either Brother did,
How iuſt art thou and full of *mercies* ſweete,
The eyes of all are caſt downe at thy feete;
The greateſt men and *Monarches* of the earth,
The firſt borne ſeede, and nobleſt in their birth,
The proud Commanders in their formall coates,
The homebred *Sheepe* thou doſt deuide from *Goates*:
The eldeſt Brother, yongeſt in thy ſight,
Are both alike, ſo that their hearts be right,
No outward forme can make thee partializе,
Thou look'ſt vpon the inward ſacrifize,
Beholding *Habels* willing gratefull gift,
Which thou art pleas'd vp to the Clouds to lift;
When *Caine* falſe hearted, though he was firſt borne,
Him thou forſakſt, leauing his *Gift* forlorne.

O wofull, fearefull, is the dangerous ſtate,
Of euery man ſo ouerſwolne with *Hate*,
Whom God by this cannot to good conuert,
But giues quight ouer to a ſtony *Heart*,
Apoſtacy making a man to quake,
God, Father, friends all vtterly forſake:
Prince, Country, Kingdome, all the Land in hope,
To run perhaps vnto the *Turke* or *Pope*,
In diſcontent, for conſcience, gaine or pelfe,
To ſell their ſoules vnto the Diuell himſelfe.

Some to their ſhame haue had ſmall cauſe to boaſt,
Of this foule ſin againſt the *Holy Ghoſt*,
Accurſt and damn'd of all that euer fell,
But few I know, but quick went downe to hell,
Amongſt the Diuels in euerlaſting paines,
Loaden with Boults of heauy burning chaines;

Mat. 12. 31.
Luke 12. 9. 10.
Mar. 3, 29.
Pro. 26. 11.

Simile. Whilſt thoſe return'd like to a Dog that gurnes,
That back againe vnto his vomit turnes,
simile. Or beaſtly *Sow* bemir'd in dirty tilth,
Cleere water ſhuns to ſcoure away her filth,
But in a ditch with ſome vnſauory *Bore*,
She layes her downe far worſe then ere before.

How can we thinke or well conceiue in heart,
That thoſe which once do from their country ſtart,
And ſhall diſtaſt the grounds wherein at firſt,
Heb.6 4,5,6. With *Paſtors* pure they were train'd vp and nurſt,
That do renounce their *Faith* and euery thing,
Their *Oath Alegiance* to the State and King,
And in this ſinne without *Repentance* fall?
How of that man can there be hope at all,
When as his *caſe* what ſhew ſo ere he gaine,
Is but the ſame with curſed enuious *Caine*?

I muſt confeſſe *Repentance* is a worke,
Repentance Of Gods great loue, which caunot lye and lurke,
Within the *Heart*, but that it forth muſt ſhine,
Simile. Like to a *Light* vpon a Hill *diuine*,
Kindled by *faith*, a *conſcience* cleane and pure,
That cannot once her former wayes indure;
But by good works doth blaze the ſame abroad,
Without all *Guile*, *Hipocricy* or *Fraud*,
Full of true *Loue*, auoyding babbling *ſuites*,
Mat.12.33 A *Tree* that's good is euer knowne bi'th *fruits*.

But yet for him that from the Church is fold,
Reuel.3.16. And in his *Heart* is neither hot nor cold,
With *God* and *Mammon* can with both indent,
Whoſe *mind* on miſchiefe is full ſet and bent,

That

That what he can into his hands doth get,
And all is *Fiſh* which commeth to his net.
That doth forſake his owne *Religion* firſt,
The ſame I meane wherein he hath bin nurſt,
Inconſtantly another ſhall imbrace,
What ere he thinke he is in wofull caſe.
Well may one iudge his conſcience may be pang'd,
For that one thing how many haue bin hang'd:
And he againe that in his ripeſt yeares,
Forſakes the ſame, as plaine by *Caine* appeares,
And both of them he hath diſtaſted quite,
May be in's Age a damned *Pagan* right.

Beſides examples in the *Scriptures* pure,
Which aye ſhall laſt, eternally endure,
Of curſed *Atheiſts* in their bitter *gall*,
That *Iulian* like from *God* and *Chriſt* did fall,
The *Monſter* vile within the *Goſpell* curſt,
Which *hang'd* himſelfe, when all his bowels burſt:
And diuers others tedious here to name,
Whoſe ends haue ſhewd iuſt iudgements to their ſhame: Act. 1. 14.
Hath not *Experience* in this *Age* of ours,
Branded *Apoſtates* of the heauenly powres,
With fearefull *Vengeance* wofull to behold,
Vpon the earth for being (impious) bold:
As amongſt many, infinite to write,
But one neere vs in ſteade of all Ile cite,
Whoſe ſcandall foule about the *world* is blowne,
His *Story* riſe amongſt vs all well knowne.

The ſtory of D. Fauſtus.

Fauſtus by name, by birth a *Germaine* bred,
Whoſe *minor* yeares were with *Religion* fed,
In liberall *Arts* his *minde* but yong did wade,
A ſchoole *Diuine* and *Doctor* after made,

Traind vp as well as euer man could be,
In learnings *Lore*, and sweet *Diuinitie*:
So was this *Caine*, the like was *Iudas* fell,
All three no doubt with damned *diuels* in hell.
The foremost two with *blood* their hands defilde,
But this a man, which neuer hurt a childe.
How with a *knife* made he his veines to bleed,
Then with his *blood* to write the *diuell* a deed,
Conuaying *Soule* and *Body* by the same,
To be tormented in *eternall* flame,
Neuer *repenting* till it was too late,
Damn'd, wofull, fearefull, in a desperate state:
Cursing the howre of his vntimely birth,
By *God* forsaken, taken from the *Earth*,
With exclamations, hideous fearefull cries,
Sprites, *Ghosts*, and *diuels* about the house there flyes:
His braines thrasht out on euery post and wall,
Sad spectacle, dire, mournfull, fearfull fall,
When soule, life, learning, all at once he lost,
A wofull purchase to his painefull cost:
His bowels mangled carrion like (and tore)
Imbrude in filth, and stinking poysoned gore:
Next day tormented in this case, was found
(By diuels) cast out vpon a dunghill ground.

When once the Prince of darkenesse in the deep,
By power *diuine*, enioyned was to keep,
And that the *Serpent* hatefull and accurst,
Was in the *center* of the *Earth* downe thrust:
Their vgly *spawne* then hacht the vilest Elfe
That euer crawld, besides the diuell himselfe,
Foule furious *Enuy*, as but late I told,
With viperous *snakes* about her head all rold:

And

And ſhe againe out from their baneſull breath,
Hath brought an Impe like gaſtly fearefull Death:
Limbe of the diuell ſtill worſe then all the reſt,
Miſhapen, vile, baſe *Antichriſtian* beaſt,
Monſter of *Nature*, falſe in euery part,
Apoſtacie with crablike crawling heart: Similo.
Contagious, fell, moſt dangerous in her tong,
From whom all *treaſons* in this world firſt ſprung:
The hateſull deeds which ſome haue pacht together,
Vnder *Religion*, may be brought all hither;
The ſecret actions infinite that lurke,
Which in mans heart and gall together worke:
The poyſonings, murders, euery curſed rape,
For whom this *Earth* doth yawne her mouth, and gape,
Seeking to ſwallow, in her Iawes denowre
Within the midſt of her darke wombe, to powre
The actors damn'd vnder *oblitions* night,
Not fit to breath, or to behold *heauens* light:
Baſe ſcum and dregs, the works of darkeneſſe firſt,
Proceeding from *Apoſtacie* at firſt.

But what make I with damned *Atheiſts* vile,
My *ſacred* verſe with *Antechriſt* defile,
To rowze from hell tormented hideous *ſprites*,
Foule gaſtly *Ghoſts* which all the world affrights:
That my deare *Muſe* ſhould thus by freinds be croſt,
From *heauen* of late within the deepe be toſt.
Hels vglieſt *Monſter* tovnmaske, and lay
All open thus, falling within my way,
That little taſte to euery Palate yeelds.
And all this while *Caine* wanders in the fields
With paſſions working in his hateſull breſt,
Sad, diſcontent, may in his face be gueſt:

Reuenge

Reuenge. *Reuenge* all bloody, with a poyſoned dart,
Starts vp from hell, enters within his hart:
Baſe curſed *Furie* hacht by *Ennie* firſt,
Apoſtacie this damned hell-hound nurſt:
The masked traine that all her life befriend her,
Are *Guile*, *Deceit*, and *Falſhood* to attend her.

This monſter, *Caine* cloſe in his breſt did hide,
With all the reſt of that damn'd rout beſide:
And home returns as if he had forgot,
The diſcontent of his diſcouered blot:
The blurre late made in his *Religious* cote,
As out of minde he ſeemes not now to note,
But full of forme and outward complement,
As if his *minde* was all to *goodneſſe* bent;
With much reſpect vnto his father firſt,
And duty ſhewd to her his body nurſt:
Vpon his brother (fawningly) he lookes,
And learns him then to make the ſhepheard hookes,
To catch a ſheepe running with all her ſpeed,
And he againe helps him his land to weed.
Thus *Caine* continues for a certaine ſpace,
Before his fathers and his mothers face,
In outward guiſe, formality and ſpeach,
As if his heart had had no further reach:
Vntill that Act, foule barbarous deed befell,
Which makes me mute, almoſt afraid to tell:
But that from God the ſame at firſt I heard,
Gen. 4. 8. Deſcribed plaine in his drad ſacred Word.

Caine but few nights in this bad meaning ſlept,
For *Fire* in *Flaxe* can but a while be kept:
And not long after as may well be gueſſ,
When father, friends, and all ſuſpected leaſt,

Euen

Euen then he takes *Occaſion* by her lock,
Singles forth *Habel* from his harmeleſſe flock,
With flattring wordes traines him along to walke,
The fragrant fields holds him on ſtill with talke,
Vntill at laſt (*Inhumane* wretch) vnkind,
Baſe *Villaine* curſt he ſtaid a while behind,
To find a *Leauer* that he late had laid,
Within the corne which wondrous heauy waid.

This on his ſhoulders vp from thence he takes,
His fatall way to his deare brother makes,
Who all this while lay in a ſlumber ſweete,
Vpon the graſſe *reſting* his weary feete,
Thinking no hurt, full of all *Peace* and *Loue*;
His *mind* in *Heauen* walking with God abouc;

Which when the Caitife (varlet vile) had ſpide,
No longer then he could his *Enuy* hide,
But with a blow on *Habels* head downe right,
With both his hands, and all his maine and might,
The *Leauer* laid him in that wofull caſe,
That Bloud and Braines flew round about the place:
And leaſt his deede might afterwards be found,
He takes his body, rakes it vp i'th ground.

Damn'd *Miſcreant*, vnworthy that thine eyes,
Should once behold the cleerenesſe of the skyes,
What haſt thou done vnto thy brother deare?
That thou ſhouldſt thus about the corne fields leere,
And watch a time to worke that fearefull fact,
For which twere pitty but thy neck were crack't.
What art now the better to haue ſeene,
His crimſon bloud bedew'e the ground all greene,
His Body mangled, Skull to pieces beate?
How canſt thou (*Vengeance*) from the *Heauens* defeate?
Doſt thou not ſee that all begins to lowre,
The Clouds to wrack, vpon thy head to powre
Downe ſulpheryſl ames of hot conſuming fiers,
The *Sunne* for ſhame his glorious face retires,
All to grow darke, the ſinging birds to weepe,
To ſee *man* brought thus to his lateſt ſleepe,
The *Furies* looſe the Diuels from Hell to roule,
Aboue the Earth gaping for this thy Soule?
How canſt thou thinke to hide thy curſed deede,
When as the *Foules* within the *Aire* which breede,
The creatures all preſented to thy ſight,
Will murthers ſhew and bring the truth to light.

Nemeſis the Goddeſſe of Reuenge, Acts 28, 4.

Great *Nemeſis* the Lady of the skyes,
Without a Maske before her nimble eyes,

On

On *Pegaſus* the Horſe of *Fame* doth ride,
With *Iuſtice* Sword cloſe to her valliant ſide,
Scowres through the *Aire* iuſt at that inſtant time,
When as the ſteame of *Habels* bloud did clime,
Vp to the Heauens like to a ſmoke aſcending, Simile.
The Clouds in ſunder all betearing, rending,
Caſts downe her lookes vpon his crimſon *bloud*,
Beholds the gore like to a ſtreaming floud:
No longer ſtayes but mounteth vp the Throne, Simile.
Of God aboue making a fearefull mone,
Tells all the cauſe diſcouereth this thy deede,
Deſires iuſt *Iudgement* on thy ſelfe and ſeede,
Imploreth all the ſacred powers diuine,
That they would now but with her ſelfe combine,
And grant her leaue to take *Reuenge* on this,
So foule a murther as thy fact now is.

Behold a *voyce* downe from the God of might,
Reuenger of the poore mans cauſe and right, Rom. 12. 19.
That ſeldome ſleepes but in the *Heauens* he heares,
The wrongs, oppreſſions, mournefull cryes and teares,
Of *Innocents* by greatneſſe ouerſway'd,
By *Guile* and *Treaſon* oftentimes betray'd,
Brought to their ends by the malicious guilt,
Of *Enuious* men that others bloud haue ſpilt,
Waſted their *State*, conſum'd their lands and life,
Swallow'd their goods, contending ſtill in ſtrife.

The *ſacred voyce* out from a thunder-clap,
Of dradfull *lightnings* at that hard miſhap,
Thus ſpake to *Caine* hard by that fatall place,
Where *Habels* bloud lay couered in that caſe,
With clods and moulds as euen but late I told,
By that vile *Wretch* ouer his body rold,

" Come tell me *Caine* the thing I shall demand,
" Seeke not to hunt, on no excuses stand,
" Halt not before me as of late thou didst,
" When a false heart vnder thy coate thou hidst,
" What mak'st thou heere thus wandring all alone,
" Where is thy brother, whither is he gone?
" What is become of *Habel*, lou'd thee deare,
" That next thy Parents was to thee more neare,
" Then all the World, and all that therein moued,
" Whose faithfull *mind* thy presence euer loued,

The graceless *Villaine* impudently bold,
As if he scorn'd of God to be controld,
Or ask't a question from that heauenly lip,
This answere straight out of his mouth let slip:
I cannot tell, for what haue I to doe,
To take account of *Habell* yea or no,
Or in his presence to be tyde to stay,
Within the fields as heretofore to play,
Tis like enough if that the *Sun* had shin'd,
About the foulds you might him chance to find,
It may be that hee's feeding of his sheepe,
Vpon the *downes* or fallen fast asleepe,
Or else you may go looke a little deeper,
How can *I* tell, am I my brothers keeper,

" Blasphemous *Wretch*, what hast thou done, quoth God,
" Art not afraid of my reuenging *Rod*,
" But thus to spill thy deerest brothers blood,
" Vpon the *ground* in thy inhumane moode?
" Why (*Varlet*) hast thou to my face belide,
" How canst thou thinke thy fact from me to hide,
" When as the bloud of this thy Brother shed,
" For *Vengeance* iust vpon thy murdering head?

Cryde

"Cryde from the *Earth* making a fearefull moane,
"With pitteous ſhreeks aſcended vp my throne,
"That downe I came from *heauen* aboue with ſpeed,
To giue thee *Iudgement* for thy damned deed.

"Curſt therefore art thou in thy chiefeſt worth,
"Curſt from the *heauens*, and curſt from all the *Earth*,
"That kindneſſe ſhewd her mouth hath opened wide,
"Within her *wombe* thy brothers *blood* to hide,
"Hereafter now when thou the *ground* ſhalt till,
"It ſhall not yeeld nor yet thy barnes ſhall fill:
"With that encreaſe which heretofore it gaue,
"To thy content that thou deſirdſt to haue.
"A *vacabond* vpon the ſpatious face
"Of all the *earth*, *Roming* from place to place
"With euery *Raſcall* thou ſhalt now cologue,
"Baſe *Runnagate*, no better then a *Rogue*,
"Thy dayes ſhall waſte, thy glaſſe ſhall hourely run,
"Vntill the thread of this thy life be ſpun,
"*Content* with *peace*, *quiet*, thou ſhalt haue neuer:
"A *Seared* conſcience ſhall torment thee euer:
"And in the end euen in thy fearefull ſight,
"Hels *Furies* curſt before thy face ſhall light,
"The damned *diuels* with all their hideous rout,
"Shall wind thee in, hemming thy *Soule* about,
"Attending on thee till thine eyes be ſhut,
"And ſo deuoure thee in their greedy gut.

The ſturdy *villaine* with theſe laſt words ſtroke,
In woefull feare his heart is welnigh broke,
Deſpairing quite of any helpe at all,
To this ſad ſpeech doth (moſt prophanely) fall.
O who ſhall rid me from theſe torments fell,
Hacht in the *Bowels* of the deepeſt *Hell*,

Nurc't in my *breſt*, harbourde within my *hart*,
That now I feele much to my paine and ſmart,
The *Furies* (damn'd) about my head I heare,
My puniſhment is more then I can beare.
A *vacabond* I am caſt out this day,
Both from the *earth*, and from thy face for aye,
I ſhall be hid from all the world beſide,
Wreteh that I am, which know not where to bide:
My *Father*, *friends*, will euer after hate
The foule diſaſter of my enuious *fate*,
And who ſoeuer finds me one or other,
Will murder me, as I haue done my brother.

The voyce (*Diuine*) left him not thus alone
In *Deſperation*, making of his mone;
But from the *Clouds*, yet once againe it ſpake,
Perchance for *Habel*, or his *Fathers* ſake:
Goe where thou wilt, for he that dares to lay
Reuenging hands vpon thy head, for aye,
Vpon the *earth*, to murder, ſlay or kill,
Which in his *wrath* ſhall ſeeke thy *blood* to ſpill,
That *damned* wreth both in his goods and fame,
In life and death, and all that thou canſt name;
Euen in his lands, his basket and his ſtore:
That man (I ſay) Ile puniſh *ſeuen* times more.
Becauſe thou ſhalt not need that thing to feare,
My badge (*diuine*) for euer thou ſhalt weare,
A fearefull *Signe*, which whoſoere ſhall eye
But in thy face, my dradfull *Iudgements* ſpye,
Shall ſee and know that I haue markt thy hide,
And *branded* thee from all the *world* beſide.

Great (powerfull God) *Creator* of this Ball,
The *heauens* and *earth* the *firmament*, and all,

How

How good art thou, in euery action iuſt?
Thou *Habels* blood beholdeſt in the duſt;
Com'ſt downe below, examinſt firſt the deed,
To *Iudgement* then thou doſt at large proceed;
And leſt the ſame might chance neglected bee,
Thou doſt thy ſelfe the *execution* ſee:
Searing *Cains* conſcience, body, heart and liuer
And marking him (as now I tolde) for euer.
Yet (*holy Father*) let vs know the pith,
The *Badge* and *Signe* that thou didſt *brand* him with.

Some men there be which think the marke of *Caine*,
Was that foule, horrid, irkeſome, fearefull paine,
Scabd *Leproſie*, or wofull falling *Euill*,
As if poſſeſſed with ſome *ſpirit* or *Diuell*:
Or ſhiuering, ſhaking of his ſturdy ioynts,
That euery way his body reels and poynts,
Feares, quauers, trembles in that dradfull caſe,
As moſt of vs haue ſeene before our face:
Or ſome ſuch thing apparant to ech eye,
That euery man may his foule fact eſpye,
Yet what it was, who ſound this vaſte *abbiſſe*,
When *Reaſon* blinde leades euery man amiſſe.

Tis true, the world in euery *States* Dominion,
Is now of this, and then of that opinion;
For none aliue (which on the *Earth* do well)
Can ſhew what 'twas, or yet for certaine tell,
But by coniecture (likelyeſt) to be gueſt,
The *ground* and ſum of all mens *Iudgements* beſt,
Reueald by ſtudie in the *Arts* diuine,
To all the *Siſters*, learned *Muſes* nine,
That *Cains* moſt fearefull puniſhment and marke,
For raking vp his brother in the darke:

Was

Was that his skin was all to *blackenſſe* turn'd,
simile. Like to a *Coale* within the fire halfe burnd.

Ah curſed *Caine* the ſcourge of all thy Race,
Now thou haſt got a blacke and murdring face,
For God aboue (in *Iuſtice*) hath ordaind,
Thy ofspring all ſhould to this day be ſtaynd,
Vnto the griefe and terror of their *Soules*,
For laying *Habel* in could duſty mouldes:
No other cauſe the *world* could euer tell,
To make them looke as if they came from hell,
Amongſt the *diuels* at euery ſtep to ſtart,
The fatall place where thou (vile wretch) now art.

Some haue alledg'd out of their brains and wit,
Alex Prob, Celius Rhod. The *Sun* himſelfe to be the cauſe of it,
That in the hot and torrid burning *Zone*,
Vnder the line there *Phaeton* alone
Muſt driue his Cart and teame a little hire,
Or elſe againe the *world* would be on fire,
The heate extreame their bodyes doth enflame,
Their fleſh it parches, and their ſtomackes tame,
Their blood it dries, their humors all aduſt,
As if their skin were ouergrowne with ruſt:
If this be true, how is it that there bee
In *Africa*, *America*, to ſee
Vnder the *line* both people white and faire,
As many men that now in *Europe* are,
There borne and bred by courteous *Natures* lawes,
A pregnant *Signe* that cannot be cauſe.

Againe, the *Sun* with labour great and paine,
If that the *line* but once he doth attaine,

Though

Though to the *Earth* he ſeemeth ſomewhat nigher,
Yet in his *Sphæare* he's mounted farre more higher,
More temperate there, the people liue and well,
Then do the men vnder the *Tropicks* dwell,
And *twice* a yeere he vſeth there to burne,
When once a yeere (i'th *Tropicks*) ſerues his turne.

And other men haue other Reaſons found,
To ſhew the cauſe which to like purpoſe ſound:
There be that ſay, the dryneſſe of the Soile,
May be the cauſe that doth their bodies foyle,
To make them looke worſe then a Colliers Elfe, *ſimile.*
Much like the Diuell and curſed *Caine* himſelfe,
From top to toe, from heade vnto the foote,
As if with greaſe they were beſmeard and ſoote.

Vnto ſuch men I would but know and try,
If the *Libian* deſarts be not far more dry,
Whoſe people parch't, the very *Sun* doth roſt, ☞
Yet are they *white* or *tawny* at the moſt,
The want of water with the *Sun* and *Sand*,
May be the cauſe that they ſo much are tand:
But yet in *Negro* land the people haue,
Of water ſtore in euery ditch and Caue:
For *Niger* great, euen from his very ſource,
Iuſt through the midſt hath euer kept his courſe,
And all the land on euery ſide and round,
Euen like to *Nilus* ouerflowes the ground,
The drineſſe of their Reaſon we may waue,
Becauſe tis knowne they water plenty haue.

Thoſe that aſcribe it proper to the *Earth*,
And ſee vs there euen from our very birth,

How we and they are borne within one place,
And we are *white*, and they are *black* and baſe,
May ſit them downe and well may take a pauſe,
To thinke with vs that cannot be the cauſe.

And ſome there be which to this day affirme,
That tis the *blackneſſe* of the *Parents* ſperme,
To be the cauſe and for a ground it take,
But how came they ſo cloſe a ſearch to make?
If it be *black*, which ſome men haue denide,
How came it ſo Imprinted on their hide,
That in their *youth* iuſt in their prime and bud,
Then is their skin as red as any bloud?
And in their age when periſht is their ſight,
From top to toe they are all *yellow* quight,
And if you try to throw one in a ditch,
To waſh him white, hee'le be as black as pitch.

Others there be aboue the clouds do fly,
To ſearch the ſecrets of their deſtiny,
Whoſe wits and learning ſure muſt wander farre,
To a *Conſtellation* or ſome fixed *Starre*,
I would the cauſe they would vnto vs teach,
And not to flye to farre aboue our reach,
Vntill which time I ſhall be well content,
To thinke it was Gods righteous puniſhment,
On curſed *Caine*, and all his of-ſpring lewd,
For doing that which I before haue ſhew'd.

I muſt confeſſe vpon the vpper face,
Of this wide *Ball* almoſt in euery place,
Variety we ſee in ſtrange attire,
Complexion, *Colour*, *Nature* and *Deſire*,

Shape,

Shape, geſture, face, the belly, limbs and back,
But none more differ then the *white* from *black*,
The *Indian* borne there where the *Sun* doth riſe,
Is paleſaſt (*Aſhey*) with red flaming eyes,
The *American* which we but late haue ſeene,
Is *Oliue* coloured of a ſad *french* greene,
The *Libian* dusky in his parched skin,
The *More* all tawny both without and in,
The *Southerne* man, a black deformed Elfe,
The *Northerne* white like vnto God himſelfe:
And thus we ſee, euen ſtill vpon the earth,
God ſhewes his *workes* both in our liues and birth.

The fatall place where *Habels* bloud was ſhed, Eſay. 7. 8.
Is call'd *Damaſcus*, *Arams* chiefeſt head,
Iem of the Earth, the eye of all the Eaſt,
Pearle of the World, where *Iupiter* did reſt,
In *Siria* Land, the goodlieſt Citty ſeene,
And ſiſter to (*Ieruſalem*) the Queene, Ezc. 23. 4
Sweete *Parragon*, a royall *Empreſſe* borne,
That all the World with glory didſt adorne,
Vntill the ſecond *Habels* deereſt bloud,
Ran downe thy ſtreetes like to a crimſon floud, Simile.
Then was thy fields with bloud and ſlaughter dide, Titus in Ioſep. & Adri. Aelius.
And made the *Stage* to all the *World* beſide,
Whereon fierce *Tyrants* in their barbarous hearts,
With murdring minds haue acted all their parts.

So hath *Damaſcus* ſeldome beene at reſt,
Whoſe fatall *name* bewrayes her bloudy breſt,
When *Benhadad*, *Hazael*, *Rezin*, fierce, 2. King 16 9.
The ſcarlet ſinewes of her *Heart* did pierce,
There were the *Tyrans* murthered by the Blade,
Of *Iupiter*, that all their army laid,

In ſuch a ſleepe as till the *Earth* be ſhak't,
By powre *diuine* will neuer more be wak't,
Great *Babilon*, the Tyrant of the *Eaſt*,
The *Sarazens* and *Egypt* in her pierſt,
Braue *Pompey* wan it in ſad mournefull ſort,
And *Tamberlaine*, he made them all amort;
Ieruſalem, which lou'd her deerely well,
Euen in her ſtreetes hath tol'd her paſſing Bell.
Haalon, the Tartar in his lowring warre,
Ch. Adricom. Theatrum ter ſanct. Within her bowels made a fearefull skarre:
The *Perſian*, *Grecian*, *Chriſtian*, *Romane* laſt,
The cruell *Turkes* haue all their fortunes caſt,
And fill'd the Ayre with pitteous ſhreikes and grones,
Piling vp heapes of dead mens *Skuls* and bones,
As if the place where *Habels* bloud was laid,
The buriall *ground* of all the *World* were made.

Simile. Euen as the bloud of deere *Adonis* ſlaine,
By cruell *Mars*, faire *Venus* loue to gaine,
Stain'd all the ground, bedyde the crimſon graue,
That powers *diuine* willing his worth to ſaue,
From darke *Obliuions* black forgetfull night;
Which ſmothers all in ſilence from the light,
With *Nature* ioyn'd to bring forth ſuch a ſigne,
As ſhall for euer to all Ages ſhine,
In memory of that deteſted fact,
Which murthering *Mars* did in his fury act:
Vpon the body of that louely youth,
Though ſome perhaps will hardly thinke it truth,
But rather by the ancient *Poets* fain'd,
Yet they I ſay haue to this day ordain'd,
That from the bloud of deere *Adonis* young,
The *Safron* flowers of all the *Earth* firſt ſprung.

So

So may I ſay, that from the *ſcarlet* blood
Of *Habel* ſhed, like to a *crimſon* flood
Within the midſt of rich *Damaſco* plains,
When *Caine* vnkindly paſht out all his braines.
It pleaſed *God* to his immortall *Fame*,
That ſtill the *Soyle* ſhould teſtifie the ſame
With fragrant *flowres*, adorning all the ground,
As no where elſe in all the *world* is found:
That ſome haue thought by this vile deed accurſt,
The *Damaske Roſe* ſprang from his graue at firſt.

Ah deareſt *Muſe*, here in this world of woes,
Mongſt *Tigres* fell, and cruell barbarous foes,
Prodigeous men, (*Inhumain*) in their minds,
Deuouring *Beaſts* that all to powlder grinds
The *Infants* face, the *Innocent* to hurt,
The *Lambe* to teare, and throw him in the durt.
How bleſt are we, which haue ſuch wholeſome lawes,
To keepe vs ſafe out from the murdring pawes
Of *rancorous* men, that in their deadly rage
Would (elſe no doubt) ſtraight ſhorten all our *age*,
By *macerating* blowes to wound and braine,
And ſpill our *blood*, as did that damned *Caine*.

But yet we cannot ſay, that we liue free
From as fowle *ſinnes*, and hatefull treacherie:
Now Murders, Treaſons, *enormous* deeds begun,
Muſt cloſe be kept, and priuately be done.
We diue to *Hell* and ſound the deepeſt pits,
Ranſacke the *Graues*, and vſe our vtmoſt wits
To find a *Dinel*, or ſome ſmall fugred *Gall*
To witch a friend, or *poyſon* him withall:
Or elſe perchance, if we do hap to faile,
As ſome there be, will not ſet all to ſale:

Yet that which *curbes* them from this *damned* vſe,
I meane the *Law*, how do they it abuſe,
Making the ſame the poore mans feet to tye,
The *inſtrument* of all their *villanie*?

How are ſome men by *greatneſſe* ouerſwayd,
Their *Liues*, *Lands*, *Goods*, and *all* they haue betrayd:
The *Foote-ball* made, toſt vp and downe by foes,
Turmoyld and vext, plung'd in a *world* of woes,
Neuer at *Peace*, forc't all their *ſtate* to ſell,
Vnfortunate by *enuious* men to dwell:
Clapt vp in *Priſon*, all their dayes to ſpend
In wrangling, langling, brangling to noe *end*.
There is the *Law* where *Purſes* well are linde,
To wrong the *weake* to ſatisfie their minde,
The louing *Wife*, the ſelfe ſame courſe muſt run,
The *Children* ſmall all vtterly vndone.
When once mans *heart* infected is with *gall*,
How doth it then to all foule *vices* fall?
Baines the whole houſe, leauing them all forlone,
Much better farre if they were neuer borne:
Then here to liue (ſubiected) toyld with paine,
But neare the dore to ſome fell *enuious Caine*.

Yet *ſacred Muſe*, euen in this mortall life,
The *Iudgement*, iuſt of thoſe delight in ſtrife:
Thou often ſeeſt vpon their *heads* to fall,
Some breake their *neckes* off from their horſe and all,
And ſome there be which wanting of their will,
Haue ſought themſelues their owne heart blood to ſpill,
With *Poyſon* ſtrong haſtned their way to death,
Or with a *Rope* ſtrangled their cruell breath:
Vſde all ill meanes to make away their liues
To *childrens* griefe and terrour of their *wiues*,

Rauing

Raiuing, inuoaking, all the *Damned* fiends,
That all the *world* takes notice of their ends.

Others there be that toucht before their death,
With ſome remorſe lye languiſhing in breath:
Out of this life cannot at all depart,
Till they haue crau'd forgiueniſſe from their heart,
To eaſe their *ſoule* their conſcience ouer pang'd,
Haue ſent for thoſe whom they before haue wrong'd
Confeſt the *Truth* deſirde them all to pray
To *God* aboue for to be pleaſde to lay
No further torments, (*Iudgements*) full of feare,
Vpon their *backes* then they can welnigh beare.

Thoſe that run on their current with the tide,
And all their life in *enuious* courſes bide:
Deare Muſe thou knowſt their lowring daye is neere,
When pale fac't *death* ſhall to their eyes appeare.
Then ſhall the *diuell* take them within his powre,
With gaſtly lookes euen at that diſmall howre:
Tortring their *ſoules* in euerlaſtling woes,
Heauens iuſt *Reward* for all *damn'd enuious* foes.

Meane while the *Ioyes* that are layd vp aboue,
For thoſe delight in quiet *Peace* and *Loue*,
Which haue bin wrongd with *Patience* much enurde
Earths ſtormy *brunts* haue to their paine endurde,
That yet do liue ſuffring the woefull ſmart,
Vexation, griefe, trouble of mind and hart;
And to their end like *Chriſtian* Martyrs bold,
Holde on their *Race*, as I before haue told,
How is there in the *Heauens* aboue the *line*,
A ſacred *Crowne* of pureſt *gold* moſt fine,

In-

Inlayd with *Iems* and orient *Pearles* of worth,
Iam.1.12. More richer farre then all vpon this *Earth*,
Reu.2.10. Preſeru'd for thoſe, and layd vp ſafe in ſtore,
When all their foes muſt ſtand without the dore,
In endleſſe paines with all the *Diuels* of hell,
And they with *God* aboue the clouds ſhall dwell,
Poſſeſſing there this conquering *crowne* of life,
Free from all care, vexation, trouble, ſtrife.

To muſter here vpon a *Sacred* ſtage,
The Murders, Treaſons, Plots in euery age,
Iniurious dealings, treacherous actions, baſe,
Sly cunning *traps* to grind the poore mans face,
Vexations, wrongs, fell viperous proiects vile,
As bad and worſe then thoſe which do defile,
Their fowle blacke hands in Chriſtian *crimſon* blood,
Waſte others *State* to do themſelues no good:
The damned *rout* of hell ſpurd *Furies* curſt,
That from *Caines* fact tooke all beginning firſt,
Would tire my *Muſe*, and weary all your eares,
Amaze your thoughts, and fill you full of feares:
With *Wonder* ſtrike you as a man halfe dead,
And ſet your haire vpright vpon your head,
To ſee ſince firſt this *world* by God was fram'd,
The *enuious* deeds not fitting to be nam'd:
But *Time* diuider of ech day from night,
Will all diſcloſe and bring the *Truth* to light,
Succeſſiuely ſhall lay them open all,
Iuſt as *Occaſion* in my way may fall.

Meane while (deare *Muſe*) let vs retire againe,
To ſhew the life of curſed enuious *Caine*:
And tell what courſe after this deed he tooke,
How round about on euery ſide his looke

Was

Was fearefull gazing, leaſt his fathers eye
Might glance that way, and ſo the fact eſpye,
And ſee Gods iudgement on his branded skin,
His blacke foule face for this vile murdring ſin.

Aſham'd, and ſhameleſſe barbarous wretch vnkind,
From thence he goes, leaues *Habel* dead behind:
Stealos out away, and pryes in euery nooke,
For feare his fact ſhould be bewraid by's looke:
At length by chance as he was lingring late,
He finds his *ſiſter* by his fathers gate,
Takes her away, euen in the euening darke,
As doth a *Kite* a ſimple harmeleſſe *Larke*, simile.
And when (*Alas*) ſhe could not well deſcrye
His foule blacke colour by her clowded eye.

His ſpeech ſhe knew, which made her willing more
To leaue her *Iewels*, kindred, and her ſtore,
And go with him then all the reſt beſide:
She little thought his hands with blood were dide: Simile.
All night they walkt, talking of this and that,
She louely fayre, he like an vgly *Bat*
That ſhuns the light, is neither bird nor beaſt,
Of both partakes, (a *monſter*) at the leaſt:
Or like to thoſe that in our dayes do hie,
From vs to *Rome*, from thence againe do flye,
And little care ſo they may haue their will,
Mens *Soules*, their *Liues*, their *State* and all to ſpill,
As was the caſe of that damn'd murdring rout,
Which from *Hels* bowels brought their *treaſons* out,
Vntill at laſt with wandring weary growne,
And want of ſleepe together both lay downe,
Whilſt he euen then, layes open all his mind,
Tels her his *lone* he mindes with hers to bind e,

That ſhe ſhall be the *Obiect* of his eye,
His darling deare from her to neuer flye,
By meanes of which adulterous flattring wilde,
Inceſtuouſly he gets her there with childe.

But when *Aurora*, glory of the *World*,
Heauens candle bright about the *Earth* had purld,
And but began to ſhew a burniſht face
Vpon theſe two, in that polluted place:
From ſlumbring ſleepe his *Siſter* ſodaine wakt,
Starts vp and cryes, moſt fearefully ſhe quakt,
So foule a ſight by her was neuer ſeene,
Thinking the *diuell* in ſhape of *Caine* had beene:
Vpright ſhe ſtands, her hayre vpon her head,
Rowzd in the *light* from her adulterous bed,
Faine would ſhe run (wiſhing her ſelfe at home)
Curſing the *Time* when ſhe from thence did come,
And glad would be no longer here to ſtay,
But that from thence ſhe knew not well the way.

ſimile. Like to a *Lady* in an euening darke,
Walking alone within her pleaſant *Parke*,
Thinking to meet her louing husband deere,
Her father, brother, or ſome welcome Peere;
Is by a *villaine* ſuddenly ſurpriſde,
In ſhape, ſpeech, geſture all of them diſguiſde:
Carryed away, traynd on a long to walke,
Miſdoubts no *hurt* in all his trecherous talke,
But freely ſpends the ſable lowring night,
Her ioyes, toyes, pleaſures in her *loues* delight,
Vntill the morning of the day appeares,
Draws wide heauens *Curtain*, all the skies it cleares,
And makes her ſee how ſhe hath bin miſled,
By folly, *guile*, brought to an vnknowne bed:

Weeps

Weeps, mourns, laments, teareth her *Amber* hayres,
Raues, frets, and *grieues*, as one diſtracted ſtares.
That once her body louely *chaſte* and pure,
Should now be ſtaind thus by a *wretch* impure;
And that her *corpes* when *Heauens* bright Candle winkt,
Should be but found cloſe to a *Monſter* linkt.

So may we iudge was this young *Virgins* caſe,
Traynd (as I told you) from that *louely* place,
Where *father, friends*, acquaintance all ſhe had,
To caſt her *fortunes* on a *Varlet* bad:
Damn'd *homicide*, dame *Natures* vglyeſt marke,
To be betrayd thus trecherouſly i'thdarke:
The vnblowne *Roſe* defended by the thorns,
Vermillion bluſh that both her cheeks adorns,
Chaſte, modeſt thoughts to giue the *ſoule* content,
When theſe ſhall be all ech in ſunder rent,
Deflowr'd, defac't, by *treaſon* cropt and ſtaind,
To haue i'th'end none but a *Mungrell* gain'd.

Thus in a maze aſtoniſht all the while,
Caine looketh vp, and on her face doth ſmile,
Gently entreats, perſwades her not to feare,
The *Sun* burnt colour that his skin did beare:
Tels her his face was nothing elſe but tan'd,
With walking much about his new plow'd land:
And that the colour on his face which lay,
Would cleane be waſht and skowred all away.

She him beleeues, and ſo from thence they went,
Like *Vagabonds* without a paſport ſent: *Simile.*
Roming about, vntill at laſt they found,
A pleaſant, ſweet, delitious, dainty ground,
Iuſt to the *Eaſt*, hard to the lowring face
Of ſacred *Iuſtice* in that *Orient* place,

Far from their Friends, their Country, Church, and God,
To liue with eaſe within the Land of *Nod*,

Heere firſt they ſtayd, and to ſecure their ſtate,
They built a houſe of timber, ſtones and ſlate,
Turfe, Morter, Durt, and euery thing they finde,
They pile vp cloſe to keepe off ſhowers and winde,
And at the length as if they were afraid,
That afterwards their liues might be betrayd,
By ſauage beaſts, inhumane monſters fell,
Such as himſelfe hath hatch't below in Hell,
Reuengefull Tyrants, murthering men and all,
About his houſe he builds a ſpacious Wall,
And in the ſame he liues for many yeares,
His conſcience ſtuft with horrour, drad and feares,

At length his *Wife* brings forth her firſt borne child,
A bloudy Elfe, deformed fowle and wild,
Simile. Like to the *Sire*, ſo is his picture drawne,
Brought vp to ſweare, cheate, couzen lye and fawne,
No God to know, his tongue to curſe and fret,
With enuious face, for like doth like beget,
And he againe his *ſiſter* rude doth take,
Makes choyce of her to be his onely make,
That ſhe and he and all the reſt beſide,
Which in that place within the walls did bide:
The curſed *ſpawne* of *Caines* adulterous race,
Did in ſhort time ſo ouerſwarme the place,
With multitudes of that inceſtuous rout,
Poligamy from this vile *Race* ſprang out,
That in ſeuen hundred twenty yeares and ten,
Their hatefull ſtocke grew to a world of men,

This

This was this *Age* that *Caine* did liue ſome ſay, Genebrard ex Rab. ſol.
When then began his fatall lowring day,
For *Iuſtice* alwayes in mans life or death,
Will yet at length her flaming ſword, vnſheath,
Lamech the fifth, from his own *bloud* deſcended,
With one hard *blow* his vitall life ſtraight ended:
Iuſt *Iudgement* of the Higheſt euer ſtill,
To make the *blind* to execute his will,
That though man runs vnpuniſht all his dayes,
Yet in the end he payes him many wayes,
And when the leaſt of all his time he thinkes,
Then is he caught, vnder Gods vengeance ſinkes.

For as the *Rabbyes* of the *Iewes* do tell,
This monſter *Caine* about theſe parts did dwell,
And was the firſt that euer City built,
Led thereunto by his fowle murthering guilt,
More to ſecure him in ſo ſtrong a Wall,
And ſhun the curſe then any thing at all,
Euen where ſinne moſt of all the earth was bred,
He layes him downe and makes that place his bed,
There wallowes, tumbles, ſpends his aged dayes,
In wicked workes ten thouſand kind of wayes;
When at the laſt he for a beaſt was ſlaine,
By Heauens iuſt Act in treacherous *Tubal-Caine*,
Guiding the hand of *Lamech* being blind,
To murther *Caine* againſt his fathers mind,
And *Tubal caine* had his iuſt *Guerdon* paid,
For *Lamech* ſtruck him that all dead he laid,
His bleeding corps vpon the cold greene ground,
What they wrought others, they themſelues haue found.

The City *Caine* by *Henocks* name did call,
His eldeſt Sonne whom moſt he lou'd of all,

Some say the same by *Libanus* was fram'd,
But afterwards by others (*Oenus* nam'e)
And some affirme the building *Iesca* leed,
Great *Iebab Manly* were his only deede,
And *Tebe, Celet*, Cities sixe in number,
Were raiz'd by him with such a world of lumber,
As in our dayes those that behold the place,
May see their ruines in *Caines* wofull case.

You Cities all, how were you fram'd at first?
But in the sin of wicked *Caine* accurst,
Was not your Morter tempered with the bloud,
And slaughter vile of righteous *Abel* good?
Is not the Earth her bowels rent and torne,
Your walls to build and lofty towers adorne?
Great *Thetis* lap is all beslic't and cut,
To bring forth treasures in your wombs to put;
The lofty *Ceders*, Timber Trees of worth,
Are hack't downe flat, and leuel'd with the earth,
Base gold and siluer that mans mind appals,
Where doth it rust but in your cankred walls?
How are your streetes with *Paraeides* bepestred,
With noysome Air (contagious) fowly festred,
So banefull growne, that from you, all or some,
Hels Antechrist the Prince of Diuels shall come.

Dan. 7. 8. So *Babilon* the tyrant of the earth,
And *Rome* Vsurper since her Popish birth,
How were they built but in the crimson gore,
Of thrice ten millions of mens soules and more,
Nimrod the hunter of Gods fearefull flock,
First raiz'd that Tower which seem'd the heauens to mock
By tyranizing on the feeble weake,
As in my worke hereafter I shall speake,

And

And *Romulus* the monſter of his age
How did he murther in his barbarous rage,
His brother *Remus*, in whoſe ſcarlet bloud,
Rome firſt was built by *Tybers* treacherous floud,
And ſince the ſincke of ſuperſtition made,
For euery wretch within her walls to trade,
Idoll of *Nature* ſprang at firſt from hell,
As afterwards I ſhall haue cauſe to tell,

But what make we (deare Muſe) within the walls,
Of traiterous Townes and Cities full of braules,
Where nothing ſauours wholeſome, ſweete and faire,
But earthly bad to putrifie the Ayre,
Let vs retire into the country coates,
To heare Heauens birds to chirp ten thouſand notes,
About the woods on euery ſide along,
Sweete *Nightingales* to warble forth their ſong,
The *Lennet*, *Larke*, the *Blackbird*, *Thruſh* and all,
How night and day their ſmooth ſweete tunes do call,
Melodiouſly vnto the God of fame,
To ſound forth prayſes to his glorious name,
And where our Grandſire *Adam* laſt was left,
When *Caine* his brother of his life bereft.

Whether the Soule of *Habels* body ſlaine,
By the curſt hand of treacherous damned *Caine*,
His Genius *ſpirit Angell*, *bloud*, or *Saint*,
Or God himſelfe did *Adam* firſt acquaint,
With the ſad newes of this ſo vile a deede,
Or that ſuſpicion in his *breſt* might breede,
Abroad he walkes, and findes the bleeding quarre,
Of *Habell* ſlaine vnder a fatall ſtarre,
Weepes and laments, grieues to haue loſt his ſonne,
Caine, *Daughter*, *Brother* all of them vndone,

He

He louing Father piles a wondrous heape,
Simile. (*Colloſſus* like,) of maſſy ſtones not cheape,
And with much care his dying name to ſaue,
Builds a huge *Mount* vpon his *crimſon* graue,

From thence as one diſtracted for the time,
With deepe conceit of this ſo foule a crime,
Surcharg'd with *ſorrow*, ouergrowne with griefe,
He hates the place as Author of it chiefe,
And with his *Wife* and all his children left,
He bids *adieu* vnto the ground and wept,
Trauels along like to a *Pilgrim* poore,
Simile. Or as a *Hermit* with ſmall litlle ſtore;
Till at the laſt, it was their chance to ſtay,
In *Canaan*, and there their bones to lay,
As in this rugged, ragged, rurall verſe,
I hope ere long (*diuinely*) to rehearſe.

seth borne: But ſacred *Muſe*, here we muſt ſtay awhile,
And with *Sethes* birth the poſſing time beguile,
That ſweete borne Babe of Heauen it ſelfe befriended,
From whom the Church is lineally deſcended,
Iuſt as a hundred twenty yeares and ten,
Of *Adams* age into this world of men,
He was begat, *Type* of that pron i ſ *Lambe*,
To ſaue the *World*, into the *World* firſt came,
Preaching *Repentance* all our liues to mend,
Whoſe Gouernment ſhall neuer earthly end,
Vntill the Trumpet in the skyes ſhall ſound,
To ſummon ſoules from their dead ſleepe i'th ground:

How did the Heauens euen in his infant birth,
Reioyce and dance about the *Ball* i'th earth,

Me-

Melodiouſly their ſacred *Organs* went,
To ſee young *Seth* into the World thus ſent,
In Minor yeeres their fortunes on him ſhowred,
And on his head their deereſt bleſſings powred,
Enduing him with towardnes and wit,
That on his temples all the Arts did ſit,
About his Browes the Lawrell wreath haue wound,
As the firſt man that euer letters found,
How did the *Saints* at this thy Fortune ſmile,
" True *Iſraiite* in whom there is no guile. Ioh. 1.47.

Thy manly dayes they were not ouerſway'd, Gen. 4.26.
With fond conceits but in Religion ſtay'd, Chap. 5.34.
Enuy, *Opreſſion*, *Luſt*, and *Rauine* baſe,
Within thy heart could neuer find a place,
Nor yet the thought of any deede vnkind,
Could once be found to harbour in thy mind,
But full of peace like to thy father deare,
Or God himſelfe in all his workes moſt cleare; Simile.
So art thou bleſt to bring forth ſuch a Sonne,
From whom the Church ſucceſſiuely muſt runne,
True Picture of thy Body Mind and Thought,
Enoch the man to God himſelfe that brought, Enoch borne.
Thee ſacred flock which wandring almoſt lame,
And taught them firſt to call vpon his Name,
By prayer, preaching, Heauen bleſt deareſt *Muſe*,
Which on the Sabaoth they did dayly vſe.

Yet ſome do ſay the Church againe did fall,
In this mans dayes to wicked vices all, Brough. Mart.
That *Sethes* great ſonne, and all his future Race, Luther.
Did now begin (*dumb Idols*) to imbrace, Caluin.
And that their rites and ſacrifices ſlaine, Tremelius.
Were all intended vnto *Charles* his waine, Perecius vpon Gen. 4.26.

The Sunne and Moone, the Starres about this border,
As blind Deuotion led them out of order.

Yet *Enoch* deere, my *Muſe* can hardly thinke,
Nor can it once within my Braines to ſinke,
But that the *Plant* from whence roſe Chriſt his flock,
Did yeeld forth fruit according to the ſtock,
And that the line from whence the Church is ſprung,
But that muſt be vnſpotted, chaſt and young,
Cleane, vndefiled, pure in euery part,
In *Ages* all according to the Hart:
Euen in the time when *Adam* and his *Wife*,
Liu'd both in peace, deuoid of care and ſtrife,
And *Seth* their Sonne though all the reſt were bad,
Yet he the knowledge of the Godhead had,
And taught it thee to leaue vnto thy ſeede;
By which thy ſoule did hourely on it feede:
Vntill the laſt of this thy Glaſſe was runne,
Then didſt thou dye and leſt it to thy ſonne,
And ſo from thence in euery Age it paſt,
Till *Noahs Arke* was on the waters caſt,
Succeſſiuely from whence it after went,
Till Chriſt himſelfe vpon the Earth was ſent,
And that the *Croſſe* (with crimſon bloud) was dide,
To pay the ſinnes of all the world beſide;
With ſuch a Ranſome of eternall fame,
As euermore muſt alwayes blaze his Name,
From whence the *Church* now in her lateſt night,
In many a place yet hath her Candle light.

Kenan borne. Full ninty yeares thou liu'dſt at the leaſt,
When *Kenan* was conceiued in the breſt,
Of thy deare Spouſe and thou waſt all the while,
Quight out of hope, not ſeene at once to ſmile,

In

In diſperation as a man forlorne,
Till thy firſt Babe into the World was borne,
Thy name bewraying of thy diſcontent,
When *Kenan* he to glad thy heart was ſent,
And made thee Father of a thriuing ſonne,
Whoſe actions all vnto thy mind did run.

Heat the age of threeſcore yeares and ten,
(In *Dauids* dayes, the dying age of men)
Did then beget great *Mahalaleel* young,
A ſweete fac't Imp with nimble pleaſing tongue,
Whoſe whole delight was working euer ſtill,
To prayſe the Lord and execute his will:
Whilſt by examples void of enuious guile,
By ſmooth ſweete preaching in a goulden ſtile,
And beating downe *Oppreſſion*, *Pride* and *Hate*,
The *Churches* eyes he did illuminate.

Pſal. 90. 10.
Mahalaleel. borne.

Iuſt at the age of threſcore yeares and fiue,
Adam and *Eue* yet being both aliue,
Great *Mahalaleel* ſonne of *Kenan* paſt,
He *Iared* brings into the world at laſt,
Whoſe whole delights were all to goodneſſe bent,
As if that he was from the clouds downe ſent,
To cheere vp *Eue* and *Adam* in their Caues,
And comfort them vnto their happy graues.

Iared borne.

He long time liues the chaſteſt man of all,
Loues darts were throwne but at a brazen wall,
Vntill at length it ſanke into his breſt,
The *Churches* Line vpon his Race ſhould Reſt.
Then doth he pauſe, and vnto marriage goe,
Iuſt at a hundred threeſcore yeares and two,
And in the ſtrength of this his body high,
Begat a child which neuer liu'd to dye.

Enoch borne. Gen.6,24. *Enoch* the ſeuenth that euer yet was bred,
From whom the Church doth now deriue her head,

But *Enoch* ſtay, I cannot but admire,
The chaſt condition of thy reuerent Sire,
To liue ſo long within ſo prime an Age,
When euery obiect as a pleaſing Page,
Might rauiſh ſence, allure the chaſteſt eye,
With lookes more cleere then is the pureſt dye,
Book of Enoch And when the Angels if the Booke be true,
Came downe from Heauen their beauties all to view.

Great powerfull God what can I thinke or ſpeake,
When all my wits are for this point to weake,
But to conceiue thy glorious Angels bright,
How they can be intangled with the ſight,
And pleaſing lookes of this fond ſinfull ſex,
Though fram'd as twere out of the Virgins wax.
Yet drawne (entiſte) to euery thing is ill,
Euen as occaſion workes vnto their will.

Vitres Euſeb. Lactan. I know ſome thinke their weake opinions ſound,
That in thoſe dayes few women chaſt were found,
But that *Pride, Enuy, Luſt, Diſſembling, Guile,*
Did their white hands with all foule things defile,
And that the Diuels with *Lucifer* which fell,
From Hell aroſe with woman kind to dwell:
By which their ſeede againſt (dame) *Natures* lawes,
Prodigiouſly thus mixed was the cauſe,
To bring forth Monſters in that fearefull caſe,
Eze.38,23. Huge Giants tall of *Gog* and *Magogs* Race,
Reuel.20.8. Such as not now can any where be found,
For whom the world was ſhortly after drown'd.

Others

Others there be that thinke the *Angels* bright, Tertullian.
Which then ſtood pure before the *moſt* of might, Sarazens l. 3. 5
With twelue great Princes of their royall band,
Came downe from Heauen, in *Iareds* dayes did ſtand,
Vpon the top of lofty *Hermon* Hill,
There curſt and vowd for to obtaine their will,
Vpon mens Daughters which their eyes had ſeene,
Sweete louely faire, delightfull, young and greene,
And that the *Mount* from that time forth was nam'd,
The Hill of *Hermon* as not once aſham'd,
That their foule plot to this vile *Hidra* growne,
Should by the name ſtill to this day be knowne.

Semixas great, which was their chiefeſt Prince, Book of Enoch
Diſſwaded firſt from this foule curſt offence, Iude, 6. 9. 14.
Fearing the tortures of the Angells all,
Their ſins and ſhame vpon his head would fall,
Till by *Arachiell* and the reſt all ten,
That in this place my *Muſe* is loath to pen:
He gaue conſent, and ſo from thence all went,
Euen as their minds on *Hermon* hill were bent,
But God aboue ſoone ſendeth (*Michaell*) downe,
Who binds *Semixa* with a *ſacred* frowne, Reu. 12. 7. 8, 9.
Chaines him in *hell* and all his of-ſcum *Race*,
Ties to the *hils* as Fairy *Goblins* baſe,
The reſt and all the ſelfe ſame cup do taſte,
Heauens fowre *Archangels* theſe foule fiends ſo waſte,
That all *Earths* monſters ſprong from *hell* at firſt,
Muſt by the *flood* be waſht away and curſt.

A third opinion that our *Age* doth yeeld,
In this large, goodly, ample, ſpatious field,
Amongſt the *Arabian*, *Chriſtian*, *Turke* and *Iew*,
Which ſounds to *reaſon* (likelyeſt) to be true:

Is that *Seths* iſſue from the *Church* deriued,
Though in the depth of learned *Arts* they diued,
And ſeem'd Gods Sonnes(adopted)ſweet of face,
Yet linck't themſelues in *Caines* adulterous Race,
By which their Spawne from this vile mingle mangle,
Began with *Pride* (contentiouſly)to brangle,
With griping *pawes* to ſatiate their fill,
The harmeleſſe childs poore weake mans *ſtate* to ſpill:
Moſt barbarouſly to trample on the head
Of the chaſte *Virgine* to deflowre her bed:
To feed on *gore* (inhumanly)to tare
Mans fleſh in peeces, *gnawe* his bones all bare,
And tyranize, the great to wrong the leſſe,
To act thoſe things which all the world may geſſe.

Gen.6.4.5. 11.13. Out from this Medly ſprang thoſe Gyants firſt,
Monſters of men that made the Earth accurſt,
Baſe diueliſh minds with big aſpiring lookes,
When as a man his neighbour hardly brookes,
But ſheds his bloud ſqueeſeth the fleſh and gall,
Licks vp the gore worſe then a *Canniball*,
Nature (prodigious) in their mungrell birth,
Made them adord, yet demy-Gods on earth:
Whilſt *feare* reſtraind the weaker men in aw,
To *Idolize* againſt her ſacred law,
They ſpend their *dayes* to treade the ſelfe ſame trace,
Or worſe if may be in this barbarous caſe,
That in the end with *Brazen* cotes of maile,
They tempt the *heauens* and ſeeke the *clouds* to ſcale,
To pull downe *God* from his triumphant throne,
By their damn'd *Pride* and *helliſh* power alone.

Thus whilſt *oppreſſion* ouerflowes the *world*,
The little men ſtill by the greater hurld,

Their

Their ſtates conſum'd, their lands and liues all ſpoyl'd,
Their cauſe (though iuſt) by greatneſſe croſt and foyl'd,
Themſelues by others (baſely) bought and ſold,
And hardly vs'd as I before haue told:
Adam he grieues at this accurſed Race,
Eue ſhe laments with diſcontented face,
Both proſtrate fall before the God of power,
To take their ſoules and ſend them happy howre.

The Author.

So deereſt *Muſe* heere in this mortall life,
That ſwarmes with troupes of thoſe delight in ſtrife,
Which neuer reſt till all my ſtate be ſpent,
But at my *Ruine* all their aime is bent,
How could I wiſh that my laſt dayes were come,
Or that my foes were Cardinals of *Rome*,
Or that my *Peace* which (almoſt) coſt the beſt,
Of Lands and Life, to liue in quiet reſt;
Were granted me, I car'd not which of all,
But in my way would (fortunately) fall,
Then ſhould I reſt, no liuing man annoy,
Or to the Heauens tranſlate my ſoule with ioy.

But why do I caſt ſtones againſt the wind,
Thus to diſcloſe the ſecrets of my mind,
To waile my woes, lay open all my griefe,
My foes wiſh well as Authors of it chiefe,
And all this while no comfort yet I haue,
But ſtill fell Enuy more and more doth raue,
To wound my Soule with ſuch inueterate hate,
As murders all to ſwallow vp my State.

O pardon me, God may an Angell ſend,
To worke my *Peace*, or elſe ſome welcome friend,

Con-

Conuert my *Foes*, their *Conſcience* touch with feares,
Or bring my *Cauſe* vnto my *Soueraignes* eares.
Oh then how *ioyfull* ſhall that happy howre
Be to my *Soule*, more ſweet then ſweeteſt flowre:
And glad me more then if I (*treaſures*) found,
The greateſt *Riches* on this *Earthly* ground:
My *future* life ſhall warble (*ſacred*) layes,
To *ſound* my God, and then my *Soueraignes* prayſe.

But *Adam* (yet according to thy minde)
Thou doſt *Gods* loue and all his fauours finde,
Though in thy *youth* thou waſt vntimely croſt,
When *Paradiſe* was by thy folly loſt.
Thy firſt borne *ſonnes* before thine eyes both ſlaine,
Thy *daughter* ſtole, thy dayes to end in paine:
And worſt of all, that theſe vile *Monſters* baſe
Should but deſcend and come from this thy *Race*:
That thou ſhouldſt *liue* but to behold the *ſinnes*,
The wrongs, Oppreſſions, in thy end begins,
The Horrors, Griefes, Vexations howrely fall
Vpon the heads of this thy ofspring all:
And laſt, theſe *Gyants heauens* blew vaile to rend,
To treade in *blood* without all hope to mend,
Made thee deſire that thou thy wiſh mighſt haue,
To come (in *Peace*) to this thy welcome *Graue*.

God heares thy cry, and ſends his *Angels* bright,
Clad in white garments of *heauens* ſacred light,
Attir'd like *Nymphs* of chaſte *Dianaes* traine,
With gliſtring wings a *Crowne* of life to gaine,
All to be ſpangled in rich coſtly *Iems*,
From the *crowns* top, vnto their *skirts* and hems,
With *Laurels* wreathd cloſe to their *Temples* chaſte:
And *Trumpets* dangling by ech louely waſte

Theſe

Theſe all came downe thy ſorrowes to aſwage,
In thine nine hundreth thirtie yeares of *Age*,
To guard the *ſoules* both of thy ſelfe and wife
From this *worlds* care, vexation, griefe and ſtrife:
Of from the *earth*, vp to the lofty skies,
When they haue cheerd and clozd vp both thine eyes.
Then all their *Trumpets* in the ayre doth ſound,
From *Heauens* blew wall downe to the loweſt ground,
Melodiouſly about the *clouds* reſounding,
The *hils* and *dales* (with *Eccho*) all rebounding,
Till at the laſt they brought both ſafe and ſure,
Two welcome *ſoules* into *Gods* preſence pure.

Seth yet ſuruiues, grieues for his parents loſſe,
Mourns, weeps, laments, at this ſad heauy croſſe:
So he conceiues the *Loue* of two ſuch friends,
From this *worlds* poynt, vnto her vtmoſt ends:
On euery ſide of all the *Earth* and Round,
Can hardly well be parareld and found.
He ſheds ſalt teares, downe from his cheeks diſtilling,
Plaining his woes, ſhewing himſelfe vnwilling
To part with both, ſtoops downe (oft times) and kiſſes
Their dead pale lips, and from his *ſoule* he wiſhes
That his liues *blood* (deare tender hearted *Seth*)
Had gone before, and but excuſd their death.

His friends (come in) and brothers, ſiſters all,
Some cheare him vp, others to weeping fall;
Euen as we ſee the caſe (oft times) our owne,
The loſſe of friends to caſt our courage downe,
Amate our minds, and makes vs vaile our face,
Knowing that we muſt tread the ſelfe ſame trace.
Then vp they take their withered bodyes dead,
Imbalme them both, and wrap them cloſe in lead

But firſt with *Nitre* Orient ſpices meet,
And *Mummia*, *Cedar*, fragrant, rich and ſweet,
They all perfume, and dreſſe their bodyes cold,
Then winde them vp as I (before) haue told,
And lay them (ſeemly) on a *Sable* Hearſe,
Sad *heauenly* ſight, a bleeding *heart* to pierce,
To ſee the *Parents* of the totall *world*
(Before their eyes) thus vp to nothing curld.

Foure of *Seths* brothers on their ſhoulders take,
The *Sable* trunke, and ſo from thence they make
Proceſſion like, a ſolemne *ſacred* way
To *Calueric*, vpon our *Lady* day:
For as the *Church* doth euermore begin.
Since God *heauens* crowne for all our ſakes did win,

Vpon

Vpon that day to count the *Chriſtian* yeare,
So ſome ſtill ſay he did mans body reare,
Out of the *duſt*, iuſt at that inſtant howre,
The day and *time* in which himſelfe did powre
His holy *Spirit* in the *Virgins* wombe,
And did therein the ſecond *Adam* tombe.
And true it is that *Adam* (fram'd by God)
Liu'd yeares compleate, no months nor dayes as od,
By which we gather that that very day,
They were both buryed wrapt vp cold in clay.

The *Ceremonies* and the *ſacred* Rites,
The forme and manner (all my *Senses*) cites;
Which *Seth* then vſde and holy *Henoch* pure,
Drawes on my *Muſe* (as with a golden lure)
To ſing the ſame vnto all future times,
In theſe rude, ragged, harſh, vnpoliſht rimes::
But that my courſe another way muſt bend,
As one that trauells neare his iourneys end,
And that my *Muſe* may chance for to be curſt,
When this ſhall grow and ſwell beyond my firſt.

But yet one thing I may not ouer-ſlip,
And leaue the *Vales*, vp to the *Mounts* to skip:
For certaine tis that euermore the *Iew*,
Hath ſtedfaſt held his owne opinion true,
And he affirmes the likelieſt place of all:
This goodly ſpatious, wide, delitious *Ball*,
Where *Adams* corpes was by his children laide,
Was not ith' *mount*, as late before I ſayd,
But in the ſweet and dainty pleaſant vale
Of *Hebron* plaine, hemd in with ſuch a Rale,
And lofty border of braue mounting Trees,
With fragrant *Flowers* to feede the hony *Bees*:

And all *Heauens* guifts vpon this holy ground,
As ſearch the *world* the like was neuer found.

Here afterwards was *Sarahs* body layd,
Gen.23.12.4. Both *Abraham* and his ſonne *Iſaacke* ſtayd:
7.9.16.17.18. *Rebecca, Iacob, Patriarkes* and all
19.20.
Cha 25.9.10. Were here inter'd (as in a *Brazen* wall)
Cha.35.29. And many a *Iew* wrapt vp within this plaine,
cha.50.13. That till *Doomes* day ſhall neuer riſe againe.
This is the place that *Abraham* admired,
Which more then *gold* his very *ſoule* deſired,
And made him *purchaſe* on his bended knee,
That with his *Fathers* all his *ſeed* might bee.
And there remaine vntill the *trumpe* ſhall ſound,
Then riſe together from that holy *ground*,
And ſo mount vp the *throane* of *God* aboue,
And *ſcale* the *Heauens* vpon the wings of *Loue*.

But yet deere *Muſe* amongſt the dead mens graues,
With piles of *ſculs* in hollow *vaults* and caues,
Ghaſt (fearefull) *ſights*, we muſt no longer ſtay,
But poſt with ſpeed to ſome more pleaſing way,
Though all the *Earth* be but the ſinke of *ſin*,
For *Adams Race* to (tumble) wallow in:
Yet is it better euery way beſide,
With *liuing* men then with the dead to bide.

Shew therefore now what afterwards befell,
How moſt men liu'd, worſe then the *diuels* of hell:
In blood, oppreſſion, feud and deadly hate,
Baſe cruelty to waſt ech others *ſtate*,
Making no conſcience of th'eternall *Law*,
When *Adam's* dead, that kept yet ſome in awe:
The Father, Mother, Siſter Friends and Brother,
Like treacherous Wolues deuoure vp one th' other,

Each

Each man cries out, the *little* ones as fiſhes,
Can ſcarcely *liue* to ſerue the great mens diſhes,
All ſinne abounds from poore to men of worth,
Like to a *Streame* which ouerflowes the *Earth*,
Or generall *deluge* from great *Neptunes* hand,
That on a ſudden ouerflowes the Land,
In ſuch aboundance with that powerfull ſway,
That nothing now can this maine current ſtay:
But *Heauens* great Maker of Earths totall frame,
If he diſcend and but behold the ſame,
When leaſt of all the *World* ſhall thereof dreame,
Then may he Alter, turne their tide and ſtreame.

Simile.

Tis true as then they had no Law beſide,
The Law of *Nature* in their Conſcience dide,
Grauen in their hearts, and ſtamp't within their mind,
By him whoſe *Image* in our *Soules* we find,
The ſin the leſſe yet not to be excuz'd,
When God himſelfe hath in our *Breſts* infuz'd,
Both in our birth ſucceeding infant youth,
His holy *Spirit* to leade vs in all *Truth*.

But yet if God ſo ſharpe a *Iudgement* tooke,
As ſhall be ſhew'd heereafter in this Booke,
Vpon theſe men the *monſters* of their time,
Whoſe hainous ſins vp to the Clouds did clime,
What may we thinke of this laſt *Age* of ours:
Wherein we liue not many dayes nor howres,
Yet we exceede the former *Ages* all,
And God to *Iudgement* ready is to call,
The Glaſſe neere run mans dated *Time* expired,
Doomes fearefull day when all things muſt befired,
Drawes neere at hand *Earths* candle light doth blinke,
When all the *World* muſt vnder *Iuſtice* ſinke;

And giue account of euery action paſt,
This *Age* of ours it cannot long time laſt.

For now *Oppreſſion* ouer flowes the *Earth*,
Farre more and worſe then in her *Infant* birth,
Fowle *Cruelty*, *Extortion*, *Enuious* Pride,
Hypocriſie and ſmooth fac't ſinnes beſide,
Ietting and masking vnder formall Coates,
That hard it is to know the *Sheepe* from *Goates*,
The *Puritant* which hates the name of *Mammon*,
Act.2.44. Is yet content to hold mens goods in common,
And all the reſt in this my tedious taske,
When *Time* ſhall ſerue I hope for to vnmaske,
Meane while *Romes* Wolfe hath entred in our *Ile*,
Deuoured ſome by *Craft*, *Diſſembling*, *Guile*,
Baſe *Couetouſneſſe* the *monſter* of our *Age*,
How doth ſhe creepe vpon the *Graue* and *Sage*,
When Mony ſwayes, and *Charity* is cold,
What is it not, but ſome will do for gold?

O *Plague*, O *Poyſon*, hatcht in *Hell* below,
Thy banefull *Breath* o're all the World doth flow,
The *Earth* it ſelfe within her bowels pent,
Her proper *wombe* is ript for thee and rent,
The (*ſacred*) lap of *Thetis* cut and ſlic'ſt,
Aboue the clouds with *Belzabub* thou fly'ſt,
Ier.6.13 Thou gnawſt the minds of holy men like *Mice*,
Chap.3.10. Thy ſight doth ſting worſe then the *Cockatrice*,
2.Pet.2.2. How haſt thou ſpoyl'de corrupted in all Ages,
Eccluſ 40.11. The pureſt minds of greateſt Perſonages?
Whoſe Seruants painted with foule leperous Kibes,
Now ſell their *ſoules* and all they haue for bribes.

Like

Like curſt *Gehazies* baſe polluted pawes, simile.
Which wrong'd his God, and holy Maſters lawes, 2. King. 5. 22.
And runs apace to catch into his hands, 26, 27.
A little gold to purchaſe *Nabaoths* lands,
Perchance to hang vpon his gawdy back,
When *Wife* and *Children* ſtaru'd at home may lack,
Or elſe to ſpend in drinking *drunke* and play,
'Mongſt beaſtly *Whores* to caſt the ſame away.
But God aboue that ſpyes the inmoſt thought,
Diſcernes the *fact* which is in ſecret wrought,
Vpon the top of damn'd *Gehazies* head,
Showres downe his *Iudgements* as *Eliſha* ſaid,
And in an inſtant all his body o're,
From top to toe is peſtred with a *ſore*,
An Irkeſome *Scab* vpon his skin doth grow,
A *Leproſie* as white as any ſnow,
Nor this alone vnto his body ſticks,
A mates his mind and *ſeared* conſcience pricks,
But all his kindred beſt acquainted friends,
Forſake him quight and none vnto him ſends,
And to this day his *of-ſpring* and his *Race*,
Are leperous tainted in that curſed caſe.

Father of Lights, and God of Spirits all,
Power downe thy *Iuſtice* let thy *Iudgements* fall,
Vpon the hairy *Scalpes* of thoſe that *wreſt*,
Diſhoneſtly their Friends or Neighbours beaſt,
Their *goods*, their *Lands*, their liuing or their life,
Not ſatisfied, continue ſtill in ſtrife:
Great God that all the world may ſee thy good,
Taint thou their *Iſſue* of-ſpring and their *blood*,
Theſe are the *Cankers* of the common wealth,
Baſe *Caterpillars* powling beſt by ſtealth,

That

That neuer care ſo they may haue their will,
Mens bloud their liues their *ſtate* and all to ſpill:
If thy good pleaſure ſayes my prayers nay,
Thy Will be done, Lord ſat them for thy day.

But holy God, what will become of thoſe,
Which in an open publike place ſhall choſe,
To giue *occaſion* firſt to ſhew their gall,
Do call a man both this and that and all,
And afterwards ſhall lye vpon the catch,
Their friends eſtate, into their hands to ſnatch,
By *Deedes, Conueyance, Obligations, Bonds,*
To *wring* and *wreſt*, to make them ſell their Lands,
Before ſuch time as any thing is due,
To clap vp ſuch with *Cerberus* his crue,
In wofull priſon ſick to lye and rot,
Not once to eaſe, aſſawge their griefes a iot;
And all the while in *Equity* and *Right*,
There's nothing due but what is got by might,
By *Wrong, Oppreſſion* diueliſh *traps* and *guile*,
And wicked plodding in ſuch actions vile.

Lord pardon them, forgiue their great offences,
Call once againe, illuminate their ſences,
Waken their careleſſe too ſecure a ſlumber,
Forget their faults too infinite to number,
Let them *Reſtore* what they haue wrongly *got*,
Elſe will thoſe goods conſume away and rot,
And aye the *Infant* yet vnborne will *cry*,
For *Vengeance* iuſt on their *poſterity*.

But let not vs (good Lord) O let not vs,
Trace out their ſteps to giue examples thus,

Make

Make vs auoyde to fall into the like,
Leſt ſuddenly thy *Iudgements* do vs ſtrike,
With farre more terror on our bodyes knowne,
Then euer was vpon *Gehezis* ſhowne,
Or all thy choſen *people* thou didſt make
A warning ſad for vs (in *Time*) to take,
Beſides the loſſe (*eternall*) of thy *Grace*,
Where ſuch a one ſhall neuer ſee thy *face*.

But chaſte *Vrania*, *Soueraigne* of my *Muſe*,
In whom the *Heauens* do their beſt guifts infuſe,
Why doſt thou now thy *loue* ſo farre ingage,
As to deſcend downe to our *times* and *Age*,
Leauing the *world* that at the firſt was drownd,
To ramble out, beyond thy ſcope to ſound?
Damn'd *Vice*, vnmaske with thoſe that wreſt and lurch,
And all this while (thus) to forget the *Church*.

Retire againe, and ſtay not with vs long,
Thou maiſt be blam'd for this thy wholeſome ſong,
For 'tis moſt true one hardly ſcapes of ten,
That hunts the *Foxe* too neare the *Lions* den.
Auoyde, begone, contend not much with theſe,
For feare perhaps thou doſt ſome men diſpleaſe,
And ſo incurre ſome danger on thy ſelfe,
For taxing thoſe which are in loue with pelfe:
Come to the *Church* deare *Muſe*, where laſt of all
Thou *Henoch* leſt'ſt vpon this goodly *Ball*.
There thou art tide; O do not much abound.
Take *ſanctuary* in their holy ground:
And from theſe things till time ſhall ſerue ſurceaſe,
Then ſhalt thou *Reſt* and liue in perfect *Peace*.

Henoch the ſeuenth from *Adams* pupillage, Gen. 5. 21. Iud. 14.
At ſixtie fiue yeares of his manly *Age*,

Begat a *childe* whose like was neuer found,
From this *worlds* birth in all her spatious *Round*,
That liu'd to see so many weekes of dayes
As this man did, and yet no strength decayes:
Methuselah the wonder of his time,
Whose *age* may claime of all the *earth* the prime,
Which liu'd to see with *Simeons* heart inflam'd,
Luk. 2. 25. 26. The *Arke* of *Noah* before his death all fram'd;
27. *Type* of that *Church* which from mount *Sion* purl'd,
When *Cæsars* scepter swayd the Westerne *world*.

Methuselah both ancient, graue and sage,
One hundred fourescore and seauen yeares of *Age*,
All *chaste* doth liue, and then begets a *Son*,
Vpon whose death the *world* was quite vndon,
Lamech the father of that faithfull child,
Which sau'd seauens *Soules*, and all the rest beguild,
When that the *Arke* was by the waters heaued,
O then they knew their wits were all deceiued.

Great *Noahs* selfe from *Lamechs* loynes descended,
When full one hundred eightie yeares were ended,
And that the *Sun* had foure times crost the line,
Then is he borne, and in his *birth* did shine,
Like to a *glimpse* of that all *sacred* light,
Simile. Which in these dayes may dazle all our sight:
His name fore-tiping from his mothers brest,
Ioh 1. 19. That he was borne to be the *Churches* Rest.

Fiue hundred yeares (or neare vpon) he past
His manly dayes both continent and chaste,
And then espowsed to his future *Fame*,
A *Noble*, *Faire*, and *courteous*, *louely Dame*,

Some

Some thinke the *ſiſter* of great *Tubal-Caine*,
Sweete *Naamah* his loue at firſt did gaine.
Though from the *Line* of curſed *Caine* deſcended,
Yet of the *Heauens* ſhe was ſo highly friended,
As that her *Lot* before the *world* was drown'd,
Fell lucky forth within the *Churches* ground.

Genebrard. in Cron. Iew Rab.

℣. Oh *God* thy workes are farre beyond our reach,
The leaſt of them may all our *Sences* teach:
Thou haſt thy *ſheepe* diſperſt in euery place,
From *Henochs*, *Seths* and *Caines* proud enuious *Race*:
It is thy *pleaſure* bad mens *ſins* to pay,
To ſaue (ſome yet) and caſt not all away.
The *Flowres* oft times which do mongſt *Cockle* grow,
May ſmell more *ſweet* then any plant we ſow.
And tender *Seeds* out from the *Popiſh* Seate,
May yet at length proue *Eares* of perfect wheate,
Chiefly when *Noah* Gods *husbandman* ſhall till,
And worke the *ground* according to his will,
With *pruning*, *planting* in that forme and manner,
As was the *Church* once vnder *Ceſars* Banner. ℟

So *Abraham* was out from *Chaldee* cald,
And *Ioſeph* great in *Egypts* Court inſtald:
Iob in the land of *Vz* amongſt thoſe men,
Where ſo he liu'd that grieues my *ſoule* to pen:
And *Moſes* milde amongſt the muedring ſort,
Was nurſt, brought vp within king *Pharohs* Court.
Heſter the Queene, that made her foes a ſcorne,
Was marryed, (*tide*) vnto a *Pagan* borne.
And *Paul* himſelfe th' Apoſtle of vs all,
Yet firſt was bred within prowd *Tarſus* wal:
And diuers others which my *Muſe* could name,
Were traind vp thus, and yet deſeru'd no blame.

Gen. 12.28. Ghap. 12.2. Cha. 41.42.43 44. Iob 1. Exod. 2.5.6. 11.13.15. Heſt. 2.17. cha. 7.6.10. Act. 21.39.

For he that *builds* vpon the ſlippery ſand,
Yet *Time* may ſerue to make his *fabricke* ſtand,
And theſe were ſuch as from the reſt reculde,
The weaker *ſexe* are by the greater rulde,
Though ſome (perhaps) haue tride the ſame and miſt,
Yet wiſe men ſtill do winde them as they liſt.
As by example, from *Noahs* happy choyce,
This *world* of ours may euer iuſt reioyce,
To haue a *mother* without blurre or ſtaine,
When all were loſt to ſtore the *Earth* againe.

But what make wee (deare *Muſe*) with *Noahs* wife,
Chaſte *Matron*, graue preſeruer of our life?
Whoſe *Fame* deſerues *heauens* azurd richeſt gowne,
A *garland* deckt and *Lawrell* wreathed Crowne,
And in her *lap* the *Frame* of all to hold,
If *all* were made of ſolid beaten gold,
What if ſhe be deriued from the *Race*,
Of curſed *Caine*, yet hath ſhe better face?
A Conſcience cleane, *Religion* in her breſt,
Within whoſe *Soule Heauens* deareſt guiſts do reſt,
Type of the *Church* now to perfection wrought,
Which was at firſt but out of *darkeneſſe* brought.

Looke backe againe, and poſt not one too faſt,
For feare thou beeſt beyond thy compaſſe caſt:
Tell what befell to *Adams* iſſue left,
What miſdemeanours all his ofspring kept,
Ech man his neighbor deadly hates and wounds,
Sin ouerflowes (in euery place) abounds,
The greater ſtill deuouring vp the ſmall,
That in the end th'oppreſſed blood doth call
For *vengeance* iuſt vnto the *God* of Powre,
Who doth deſcend, and on the world doth lowre,

Re-

Repents himſelfe that ere he did begin,
To frame the ſame thus poyſoned all with ſin,
Whoſe true repentance from his eyes did draw,
That ſtreame of teares which wofully they ſaw,
When all the *Earth* could ſcarce ſupport, containe
The *Inundation* of his furious raine;
But ſunke, ſhranke in, vnder the water diues,
As loath to ſaue the wicked treacherous liues,
Of hatefull men that neuer liu'd at Reſt,
But when they bloud ſpilt on her (crimſon) breſt.

This was the cauſe which made the Clouds to drop,
Sad ſudden ſhowres (downe) from Dame *Natures* ſhop,
And all the fountaines of the greateſt *deepe*,
To be broke vp o're all the *Earth* to creepe, Gen. 7. 11.
Heauens Windowes ope, the ratling Aire to ſound,
With fearefull ſtormes like to a *Chaos* drown'd, ſimile.
Rumbling and tumbling, iumbling all together,
As we haue ſeene in ſudden ſulphery Weather,
Gods voyce to teare (Heauens Curtaine) to our wonder, Pſal. 29 3
Out from a darke black horrid dreadfull thunder.

But yet before God doth to Iudgement paſſe, Eſa. 40. 6, 7
He meditates, and ſees that mans but graſſe, ſimile.
Like to a flower that in the morning cut, 1. Pet. 1. 24.
Is yet ere night with their dead bodies put, Pſal. 90 56 ſimile.
Into the Graue, and ſo conſume together,
Euen in a Moment changed hither thither,
Dride vp to nothing by Heauens altring time,
When (yeſterday) they flouriſht in their prime.

God re-aſcends, and lets the world alone,
Takes *Enoch* vp that liu'd therein to mone,

Waile, grieue, lament, the abuſes which he ſaw,
Committed were againſt the conſcience, law,
Of noble *Nature* in that ſinfull age,
Small hope to mend when all could not aſſwage,
The furious current of their ſtreame and tide,
Too good (ſweete *Saint*) with theſe foule men to bide.

Enoch taken vp.

The Angels bright, and all the powers diuine,
Before thy face in glittring Robes do ſhine,
Their number more then are the ſtars and ſands,
With golden Cenſors in their pure white hands,
Winged with *Fame* to mount the higheſt Heauens,
Ranck't all in order muſtring iuſt by ſeauens,
Deſcending ſweetely on thy louely Breſt,
To bring both ſoule and body to their Reſt,
By ſafe conueyance in a Charriot fram'd,
Of burniſht gold, the Horſe with loue inflam'd;
Mount vp the *Aire* with ſtately ſtomack fierce,
And at the laſt the brazen Wall doth pierce:
Where like a Prince that *Paradiſe* had gain'd,
Of *Eue* and *Adam* thou art entertain'd,
With farre more loue within ſo braue a field,
Then all the World and all therein can yeeld,
Gen. 5. 24 Iude 14. There thou doſt liue when they are wrapt in duſt,
The *ſeuenth* from them, *Tipe* of our Sabaoth iuſt.

Now thou art gone what can be heere expected,
But *Enny*, *Hate*, with all good deedes neglected,
Pride, *Cruelty*, *Extortion*, ouer-rules;
Making the Earth *Vermilion* dyde with *gules*,
And ſable ſhewes of foule inueterate ſpleene,
Hatch't in Hels vaults whoſe like was neuer ſeene,
Before this time ſo ſtrongly to abound,
And ouerflow the Vniuerſall Round,

As

As that ſmall hope there is at all to mend,
Till God to *Iuſtice* ſhall from *Heauen* deſcend,
And view the world not as he made it firſt,
But as it is poluted, ſtain'd accurſt,
Contagious, vile in *Caines* adulterous race,
And ouerſpred with all damn'd actions baſe,
When what we ſhould not in our pawes we get,
As bad and worſe as ere I told you yet.

But ceaſe deare *Muſe* for thou at large haſt layd,
Their ſins wide ope and all their ſpight betray'd,
Vnmask't the Browes of all that wicked Rout,
Which diu'd to Hell to bring their plots about,
The reſt preſeru'd, I meane thoſe Children deare,
That liue in Loue and worſhipt God in feare,
Whoſe bloud aſcended, Mounted vp the skye,
And for iuſt *Vengeance* at his Throne did cry.

God heares their moane and re-deſcends againe,
And ſees that Sin the totall Earth did ſtaine,
In ſtead of Flowers and wholeſome pleaſing fruite,
He finds but *Weedes* and barbarous actions bruite,
The weake poore man ſtill by the greater caſt,
In far worſe caſe then when he view'd it laſt;
Now *Cruelty* doth grinde the Infants face,
To ſwallow all with griping proiects baſe,
Corruption, *Bribes*, the World it ſelfe doth fill,
From *Sodoms* Vale to *Sions* ſacred Hill,
Comes neere the Church to enter in her walls,
To fill it full of deadly poyſoned galls.

But one man liuing on this ſpacious Round,
From *Sols* firſt ſight till where his teame is drown'd,

In

In all the Earths large goodly plenteous ſcope,
From *Colmogro* vnto the *Cape* of *Hope*,
That God could find to haue an vpright heart,
Which from his *Loue* could not be drawne to ſtart,
By ill examples of that froward Race,
Which ouerſwarm'd (the World) in euery place,
With *Guile*, *Oppreſſion*, *Cruelty* and *Hate*,
As in this Worke I told you of but late.

Him God ſelects and (graciouſly) culs out,
From the rude Rabble of that murdring Rout,
Gen. 19. 16. 24, 25 As in the dayes when *Sodom* was deſtroy'd,
Pſal. 34. 6, 7. 19. 22 Iuſt righteous *Lot* was not at all annoy'd,
Pſal. 83. 35. But well brought forth by Angels ſafe and ſure,
Preſerued was from their curſt hands impure,
The harmeleſſe man may ſuffer extreme wrong,
Amongſt thoſe men that are (perchance) too ſtrong,
In *Wealth*, *Friends*, *Kindred*, *Combination*, *Coate*,
To draw ſlye oathes to cut the poore mans throate:
Yet this may be a comfort to his ſoule,
For all their tricks and treacherous actions foule,
Damn'd *Pollicies* vnto their vtmoſt might,
Although he fall, he ſhall not periſh quight.

So art thou iuſt in all thy works O God,
When the World feeles the burden of thy rod,
And heauy weight of thy all powerfull hands,
The vpright man ſtill (at thy mercy) ſtands,
Although ſometimes thou ſhewſt thy hinder part,
Exo. 33. 23 To let him taſte that which his mind thinks tart,
1. Pet. 4. 12, 13. 14. Yet as thy Word in many places ſaith,
1. Theſ. 4. 6 Thou doſt but try to proue his vtmoſt faith,
Eſay 26. 16, 17, 18, 19 And when (oft-times) his courage failes and ſinkes,
As brought neere to their dangerous pits and brinkes;

Then

Then doſt thou keepe him from their murdring pawes,
Baſe,cruell,curſt,deuouring,griping iawes,
And full of Loue,compaſſion,pitty,grace,
Vnuailſt thy Browes to ſhew thy glorious Face,

(Ah deareſt God) euen whilſt my t*Muſe* was working
Vpon this *Place*, how were my foes all lurking
About my houſe,to vndermine my ſtate,
With ſecret traines,cloſe to my dores and gate.
But thou didſt wake when I was faſt aſleepe,
To make me know that thou doſt alwayes keepe,
Thy *ſheepe* from danger of a *Wolfe* moſt fierce,
Which in my bloud(next to my ſtate)would pierce
Then didſt thou giue me at that inſtant howre,
A *Viſion* ſtrange to ſhew thy ſecret powre,
That in a dreame when once my body wak't,
My inward thoughts and all my ſences ſhak't;
But *Reaſon* guides and ſwayes me downe her ſtreame,
To make me prize it boue an vſuall dreame.

Whereat I went,lockt vp my dores moſt ſure,
To keepe me ſafe from treacherous pawes impure,
Which neuer yet in all my life was done,
The hatefull lawes of cruell foes to ſhun;
But (Heauenly God)when leaſt I knew of harme,
How did they then about my houſe all ſwarme
On euery ſide,with rauing ſpeeches hot,
Like *Sodomits* about the walls of *Lot*, Gen.19.4,5,9, 10,11.
Till thou protectedſt brought ſt me ſafely out,
From the curſt fury of that griping Rout;
Stroke them with blindneſſe all like Tygers lay;
While thou conueydſt my body ſure away,
To ſound thy prayſe,and blaze thy glorious name;
To end (this worke)to thy renowned fame.

So doſt thou now to make vs all admire,
Thy fauour ſhewde vnto our reuerent Sire,
Deſcend to *Noah* the wonder of his *Time*,
When *Nemeſis* vp to thy Throne did clime,
To craue iuſt *Vengeance* at thy hands for all,
The bloud ſhed, ſpilt, vpon this ſpacious *Ball*,
Told him an end of all mens barbarous liues,
With the ſad fall of their (inceſtuous) *Wiues*,
The cruell Race of monſtrous Giants great,
That like to Wolues (the flock) did tare and beate,
And wound them ſo, as now not one was left,
Beſides himſelfe, that from his birth had kept:
His mind vnſpotted (*Conſcience*) cleane and pure,
Not tainted, ſtain'd with euery golden Lure,
And euery beaſt which on the earth doth feede,
The fowles of Heauen that in the Aire do breede,
With all fleſh liuing on this goodly frame,
The young and old too tedious heere to name,
With thoſe hard hearted which the weake anoyd,
Should (by a floud) be all of them deſtroyd,
And that himſelf would (alter) turne their glaſſe,
Before a hundred twenty yeeres ſhould paſſe,
Thoſe which repented in that time and ſpace,
Should reſpite haue to find his loue and grace,
And all the reſt within this boundleſſe round,
Should then be waſht, conſum'd away and drown'd.

God wills him further to prouide in time,
Againſt the *Floud* that higheſt *Mounts* will clime,
And frame an *Arke* for to ſecure his life,
His children deare and tender hearted wife,
From the fell furious raging tide, and ſtreames,
Of *Neptune* (proud) that vndermines her ſeames,

To

To pierce her *Ioynts* and lay them open all,
When bluſtring *waues* vpon her ſides do fall:
Bids him go poaſt to *Meſia* land with ſpeed,
And fell thoſe *Pines* which now the *world* did need,
whoſe wondrous *height* may dazle all our ſight,
To ſee them grow two hundred foot vpright
Firme from the *ground*, and to be parted plaine
Into the three parts, and then *vnite* againe.
Type of that *Church*, whoſe *ground* was layd by *Paul*,
When *three* make *one* and *one* but *all* in *all*.

Meſia in Aſia minor.

So was the *Arke* diuided into parts,
To amaze the *minds* of true *Religious* harts:
Three *ſtories* high the ſame was fully fram'd,
To hold the ſorts of creatures wild and tam'd,
Made all of *Pine*, pitcht both without and in,
To ſuckor *none* that periſht for their ſin:
And that the *reſt* as *God* had iuſt decreed,
The *Male* and *Female* in the ſame ſhould breed,
To ſtore the *world*, repleniſh it againe
With *fruite* more *milde* then firſt the earth did ſtaine.

The *Arke* once fram'd according to the forme
That *God* had layd before the furious ſtorme,
Fell croſly forth contrary to the *minde*,
Of thoſe great *men*, which did the weaker *grind*:
They wondred *all* at this ſo huge a *frame*,
Derided, *ſcoft*, too *bitter* here to name,
And at the laſt attempted barbarous *rude*
Their hands *polluted* all with bloud *imbrude*:
To teare it downe and make it but the *ſcorne*
To all thoſe men hereafter ſhould be *borne*.

But God aboue perceiuing that their pride,
The totall earth on euery ſide had dide,
With crimſon *gore* and that they ment outright,
To ſpoyle his *Worke*, deface it vtter quight,
Powers down his *Iudgments*, ſends thoſe feareful ſhowres
That all the *Aire* i'th inſtant thunders lowers,
With ſable clouds, and ſulphery flames of fire.
Tearing the Heauens, making the World admire:
To ſee the *Earth*, the *Aire*, *Fire*, *Waters* all,
Flock altogether round about this *Ball*,
Ioyne all as one euen in an inſtant ſoone,
To ſtop mans breath ſending a night at noone:
Thatin a *Moment* all their liues are dround,
Their pride much like the *Ægyptian* army found,
That in the *Sea* vpon the crimſon ſands,
Againſt Gods *ſheepe* heau'd vp their murdring hands,
The *Arke* protected from their trecherous pawes,
Damn'd *Enuious* fowle baſe curſt deuouring Iawes,
Heau'd from the Earth, vpon the Water bides,
Secure from hurt, when God her *Pilot* guides,
Triumphant marches, in all ſtormes it ſtands,
Their *vnbeliefe* bold impudency brands,
With that iuſt ſcourge, which if they had repented,
All had beene well, his *Iudgements* ſtaid and ſtented.

Full ſixteene hundred complete yeares were ended,
And fifty ſixe when God in ſunder rended,
The ſable clouds, and made the Waters mount,
To drowne the World according to the count,
Of all the *Hebrewes*, glory of the *Earth*,
Whoſe ſacred ſtories of admired worth,
Haue purchaſt *fame*, and aye deſerued well',
Before the *reſt* to beare away the *Bell*.

Heere could I ſing th'*afflictions*, *ſorrowes*, *griefs*,
Vexations, *troubles*, ſundry *miſchiefes* reiſe: The

That dayly hapned to *Noahs* ſacred *Arke*,
Toſt too and fro as is a little *Barke*.
Vpon the wings of (enuious) *Eols* rage.
And ſome good men within this iron *Age*,
The Surges, Waues, vpon her ſides all beate,
The ſturdy Rocks to ſplit, her *wombe* do threate,
The *Sands* to choake, the *ſtormes* to batter downe,
As all the *Reſt* ſo ſhe her ſelfe to drowne.

But ſtill protected by Gods powerfull hands,
Againſt the *ſtreame* of all theſe *rubs* ſhe ſtands,
And on the *Waters Waues*, foule miſchiefes all,
She paſſes through, and viewes this ſpacious *Ball*,
Vntill at laſt ſhe chanſt her ſelfe to eaſe,
From the fell fury of the enuious *Seas*,
Vpon the top of that admired *Hill*, Ararat. Gen. 8. 4.
Whoſe worthy *fame* the totall *Earth* doth fill,
As more at large ſhall be deſcribed plaine,
In my next Booke, when once (my *peace*) I gaine,
Meane time deare *Muſe*, with *Noahs* ſacred Pile,
Let vs but ſtay and reſt our ſelues awhile. //

FINIS.